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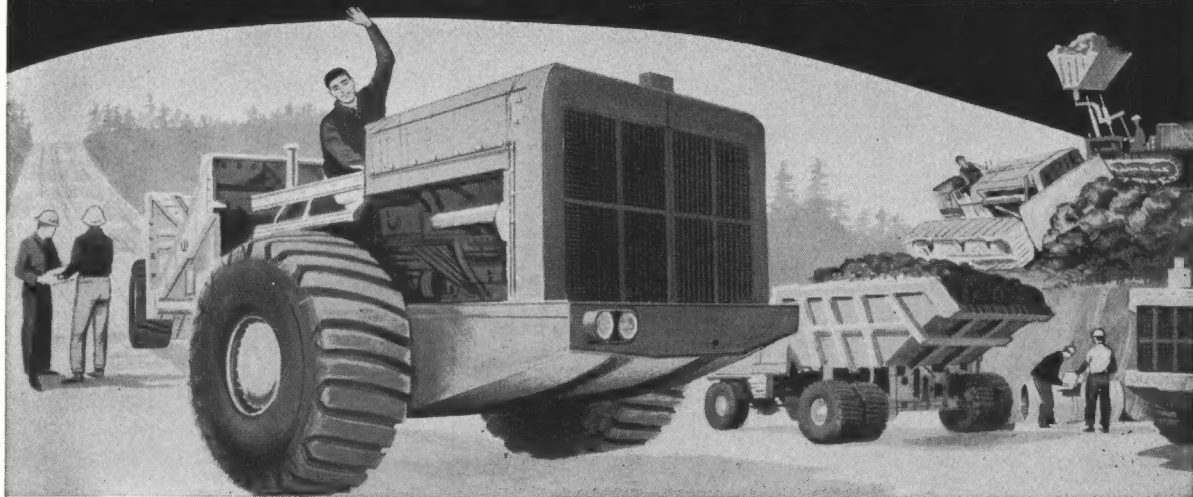


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FOR MEN

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No. 10

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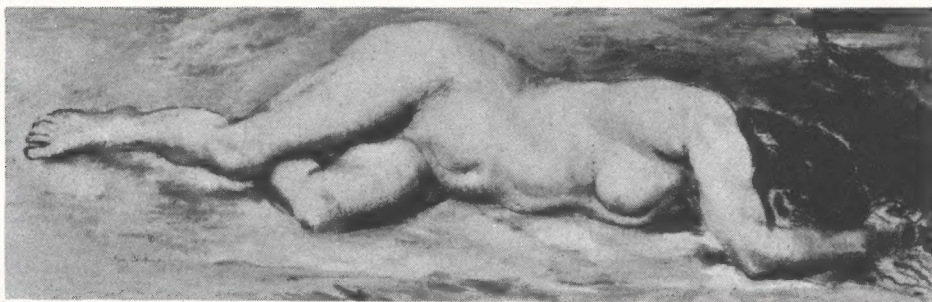


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One for the Bluebook of Sports

FANNY



JIMMY TAUBHAUER sat straddling the bow of his sight-seeing boat, his long legs in soiled gray flannel dangling nearly to the water. A breeze sprang up and the launch bobbed as it strained at the moorings. Jimmy jerked up and down like he was riding a rocking horse.

"Well, that's life for you," he thought. "Up and down . . . up and down."

For Jimmy at this moment life was decidedly down. Sighing he pulled the opened letter from his pocket. When a young man sighs he's usually in love or in trouble.

Jimmy was in trouble.

For the tenth time he re-read the letter. It was a bill, accompanied by a few neatly typewritten sentences stating that James Taubhauer owed Marquette University the sum of \$473.00, tuition unpaid last year.

The breeze died, quieting the motions of the lake. Gazing down absently into the clear water, Jimmy contemplated his present and future.

Business was lousy here at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin where his job was to operate a sightseeing launch on a commission arrangement. Tourists just didn't seem to be scenic-minded these days. All he was gaining from the job was a splendid suntan. This was the present. As to the future there wouldn't be any if he couldn't meet the bill from the university and further his education.

It was while pondering these matters that his dreamy eyes snapped into focus to notice a school of fine, black bass swimming near the dock.

Jimmy thought of the present. "Food!" he yelled.

Here was one pressing problem that could be remedied. His hand darted into his pocket and came out with the total contents—20 cents. Leaping to the dock he rushed to a bait and tackle shop making a couple of purchases—five cents for a crawfish, 15 cents for a line.

Excitement pulsed through him; not the electric thrill of anticipation of the catch—but thoughts of a plump bass sizzling on the frying pan. Hungry people regard a fish differently than sportsmen.

Cautiously, careful not to splash, he lowered his line. Down it went baited with the tempting crawfish. Totally oblivious, the bass swam all around. A foot from the bottom he stopped, playing out the handline waiting.

Seconds later a streak of black struck. There was a whirl and the line burning his hands came to a sudden stop before he had a chance to set the hook. Jim yanked, starting to pull his catch in. The line went slack. Looking down he saw with dismay that the fish was swimming around a pier post and had fouled his line on it.

The first thing popping into his mind was the cost. He had spent 20 cents and his investment was snagged near the bottom. He was going to do something—he wasn't quite sure what—about the situation.

Near the pier he spied a bicycle. Making his end of the line fast, he hopped on the bike, peddling furiously after his bathing suit. He was back in ten minutes. The fish was still hooked.

Jimmy lowered himself into the water, reached down unhooking the fish and tossing the bass on the dock where it went through a series of floppings.

The fact that it seemed to be a pretty good sized fish meant nothing. His objective was rescuing the leader which he untangled and climbed dripping wet onto the dock.

"Catch something?" a voice inquired.

Jimmy looked up, recognizing the local game warden. "I got a license," he said.

(Continued on page 54)

"THEY TOLD ME I DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!"



The words hurt. But deep down I knew what the boss was saying was true.

"Sure you're a good man, Frank. You work hard. What we need, though, are men with special training. Job specialists who can come up with the right answers. Nowadays experience isn't enough."

So there was the answer. Why other younger men were moving ahead, earning pay raises, getting the good jobs. Why I was being left behind.

I just didn't have what it takes.

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Then I heard about I. C. S. How I. C. S. had helped others like me get the job training they needed to get ahead. Some even found new careers.

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it in. The free career kit I received a few days later convinced me to sign up for a course.

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Word got around I was taking an I. C. S. Course. My boss learned of it and three months later I got a raise. Six more months and I got another. Now I'm looking forward to a promotion.

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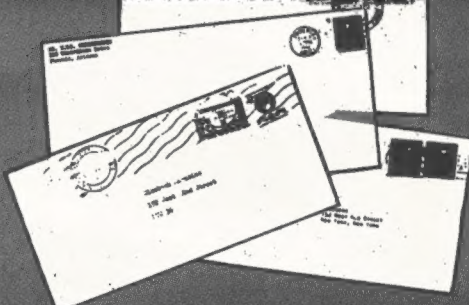
Enclosed please find \$.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

You Said It...



LETTERS

OVER AND OUT

To the Editor:

I am convalescing from a back injury so every book and magazine that I can lay my hands on is thoroughly read. Among them was a copy of "Bluebook for Men."

It was the first time I have read this magazine and found all the stories good to very good, *except one*. And that one really wasn't bad, it was just the expressions the author used.

The story was "Follow the Leader," (July, 1962), by Cole Holden and Graham McGill. It said there, after completing a radio message, "over and out."

Now I was never in communications, but did have a few hours of general info on the subject and if my memory is still tuned in, "over" means a message has been sent and an answer is expected, and "out" means just that—so why didn't they say so when sending and receiving radio messages?

Martin Walstrom
Granite Falls, Minn.

As an ex-Air Force Captain during WW2, we used the term "over" when we were through speaking and awaited a reply. Unlike ordinary conversation one person stops talking and the other begins, in radio communications, when a person stops talking he signifies this with "over." When a conversation has been completed and there will be no more discussion "over and out" is used.—Ed.

CATCHING UP WITH US

To the Editor:

I am stationed in an out of the way post in the Pacific and can't easily get magazines. But recently someone was kind enough to send me a copy of April "Bluebook."

In it you had an article about Sonny Liston, "I'll Be the Next Heavyweight Champion." I'm a person who really loves boxing and think that it was about time that Floyd Patterson fought Liston. I was happy when a definite date was set. I know darn well Charles (Sonny) Liston can whip Patter-

son any day of the week and twice on Sunday.

Maybe Liston has been fouled up in the past, but check the other pros and you'll find the same thing.

D.R.
A.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

ALGIERS

To the Editor:

"The Rape of Algiers" (August, 1962), was a fine piece of writing. It is about as close to the truth as anyone will ever get to the happenings in Algiers.

But I have a criticism of the story. How is it possible for a Deux Chevaux—a two cylinder car—to do 75 mph? The Volkswagen, a four cylinder car can only go a maximum of 75 mph. I would say, without fear of being contradicted, that the Deux Chevaux has a maximum of only 60 mph.

Randy C.
Sheffield, Mass.

HE LIKES ADVENTURE

To the Editor:

The most exciting, offbeat adventure story you have ever run was the Boar story. ("Never Tickle a Boar, August, 1962). I have never enjoyed a story more.

This also was the first time I was aware of what vicious beasts these animals were.

Please run more of the offbeat type articles.

Roger W. S.
Kenosha, Wisc.

THE OVERPASSIONATE WOMAN

To the Editor:

About the article, "Overpassionate Women: Dilemma of the American Male" (Sept., 1962). Speaking for the male, I would never find a woman like that a problem. Frankly, I do not believe that a normal man would.

I am afraid that the article is really about men who either need vitamin pills or a few nights' good rest. No matter how passionate a woman is, she too has got to rest up a bit.

If I were guaranteed of finding
(Continued on page 68)

**PAYS UP TO
\$8 AN HOUR**
•
**PICK YOUR OWN
LOCALITY**
•
**NO SELLING
OF ANY KIND**
•
**CAR AND BUSINESS
EXPENSES PAID**
•
**ONLY AVERAGE
EDUCATION
REQUIRED**



Compare this Job *with a Future* to the One You Have Now —then if you'd like to switch—I'll show you how to do it!

I'd like to show you how easy it is for you to get into one of the fastest growing professions in America. This year, unfortunately, more than 25 million people will have automobile accidents. This means that insurance companies are faced with the tremendous problem of settling over 69,000 auto accident claims every day! *And a qualified Claim Adjustor has to investigate every accident and report on it before the Claim can be settled!*

Work That MUST Be Done!

These investigations cannot be put off. The courts demand action! Insurance companies cannot afford to let claims drag on—and mount up! They must be settled, because huge reserves of company money are tied up by law when auto accident claims remain unsettled.

And That Is Where YOU Come In!

Insurance companies everywhere are looking for people who know how to handle this specialized work—full or part time—and they are prepared to pay top money to any man who can fill the bill. Not only do they pay top salaries; in addition, they offer every opportunity for rapid advancement to executive positions and the high bracket incomes that go with them. And in addition—and because experienced help is so scarce—they offer many fringe benefits practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

But Money Isn't ALL You Get!

The foregoing are *facts*—facts you can easily verify if you care to check with any insurance company or any law office. And it explains why *even beginners* in the field of Claim Investigation can count on a good starting income as high as \$450 a month! But your salary is only the beginning! Insurance companies, for ex-

ample, usually furnish their Claim Investigators with a company car and the company pays for the upkeep. (Or, if you drive your own car, the company pays you a mileage allowance to cover operating costs.) Nor is that all. The company often segregates its investigators from details of the main office by providing a private office with a secretary.

You Meet Interesting People!

In this kind of work you meet interesting people, important people, influential people, such as lawyers, police officers, judges. Each case is a new adventure. These are the kind of people who can be worth knowing! These acquaintances often develop into lifelong friendships valued far more than financial gain. And remember that the Claim Investigator's life is filled with exciting new experiences. No two cases are alike! Each day presents stimulating new problems, and back of it all is the deep, inner satisfaction of rendering a real service to your community!

If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own

Even with all the company benefits some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own." There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of Claim Investigating. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.

Free Employment Help Given

Even if you have only an average education, you can go far in this new profession. *All we ask is a driving ambition to get ahead!* And when you have successfully completed the course, we provide a FREE employment service.

Mail the Coupon Today

The coupon below provides the complete story, and describes the many financial and social advantages to be gained. It tells just what to do to get into this fascinating, fast-growing profession. There is no charge

for this information—now or at any other time. Here's your big chance to eventually make as much as \$10,000 a year as a District Manager, or in your own business. Mail the coupon below to Liberty School of Claim Investigating, Dept. 14710, Libertyville, Illinois. (The Liberty School of Claim Investigating is Approved as a Private Business School by the State of Illinois.)



Mr. Eric P. McNair, President, Dept. 14710
Liberty School of Claim Investigating
1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Illinois

Please rush me Complete Information explaining how I can quickly qualify as an Automobile Insurance Claim Investigator and Adjustor. It is understood that no salesman will call on me, and that everything you send me now is absolutely FREE, and places me under no obligation whatsoever.

My Age is _____

My Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ or R.D. _____ State _____

Bluebook Beat

by JIM
WINCHESTER

NOW THAT THE SUMMER is well over, the nation's private-eyes are all geared for a rash of assignments from gals and their parents wanting to know more about summer-time Romeos.

More and more of the cautious-minded are hiring private investigators these days for a hard-look at men in whom they're romantically interested. And not just from the girls themselves. At least half such jobs come from doting mammas and papas who—without their daughter's consent or knowledge—want to be absolutely sure that any future son-in-law isn't a phony. Then spinsters and widows of all ages are wary about their newly intended's background. As a conservative estimate, more than 15,000 such "pre-marriage" look-sees are now being made across the country annually.

Surprisingly, most women — or their parents — aren't too interested in whether the man has money. They simply want to make sure he's trustworthy and, most important, doesn't have another mate hanging around in the background someplace. In most of their books, a liar rates lower than a swindler.

Actually, 90% of such investigations turn out to be favorable for the marriage. But it is the rotten 10%: the tall tale-spinners, those posing as Prince Charming with an eye to marrying well, the larceny-minded Lotharios and the just plain no-goods, that keep the private eyes working overtime.

A typical summer-time phony, recently unveiled, had met a New York secretary at a Bermuda resort hotel. Her intuition was that something wasn't quite right. She turned the case over to a detective agency and, as it turned out, she had plenty of reason to be suspicious. The man she was considering for a life mate turned out to be as wrong as a three-dollar bill. He'd never held a steady job in his life. He was a race track hustler, a smooth one to be sure, but with a record as long as a losing bookmaker's face. He was out on parole, after having been salted away for a couple of years for an attempted swindle at Saratoga. He was barred on sight from every race track in the land.

Having learned his record — the investigation cost her \$50 — the girl dropped him quick. Fortunately he hadn't yet taken her for any dough.

In too many cases, though, par-

ticularly where older women, those over 40, or widows, are involved, the man succeeds in using his romantic approach for a "touch" before the gals get suspicious and get him investigated. In eight out of 10 such cases, the original meeting was at a resort hotel or aboard a cruise ship.

There was the case last year of a fairly well-off widow from Bridgeport, Connecticut. The man involved, about 38, handsome, debonair, a flatterer of the old school, met her aboard a Caribbean cruise ship. It wasn't too long before they were on a first-name basis. He let her know that he was a man with a problem.

"I'm due to inherit \$500,000 from my father's estate in Canada," was his con. "But under the terms of the will I don't get the money for another five years."

Under the pressure of his wooing, she fell for his story. When they got



ashore, he told her he'd been talking to some lawyers. They thought they could get him his money sooner. But they wanted a \$500 advance.

The widow advanced the money. A month later, she gave him another \$500. A week later he was back again. Then he told her, "I have to go to Canada." She advanced the expenses. Soon afterwards a series of letters began to arrive from Ottawa—at least they were postmarked from there. Subsequent investigation revealed they'd been mailed by one of the many agencies specializing in this sort of work—mailing letters from any city in the world for a small fee.

By this time, though, the widow was becoming suspicious. She had several thousand dollars "invested" in her shipboard friend and she asked an agency to investigate him. Sure enough, he was a phony. Be-

cause there was an actual "swindle" involved, the case was turned over to the cops and the guy got a jail sentence.

Not all the phonies spin their tales to widows and older women. Last year, in San Francisco, a dark-haired young "gentleman" convinced a girl he was a Persian prince, here on a visit. The couple had met at a cocktail lounge. They became engaged. Somehow, though, the "prince's" story didn't sound quite true to the girl's parents. They had him investigated. It turned out he was from Chicago, a former pants presser. His nearest view of the Arabian Sea had been on a one-time visit to Coney Island.

It's the girls from well-to-do families who most often fall for the phonies. If a fellow comes to them with a hard-luck story they usually shell out the money.

On the other hand, if such a wrong-o tries to sell the same yarn to a girl who has had to make her own way up in the world, a girl who is street-smart, the conversation would probably go something like this:

Man: "Honey, can you lend me \$3,000? It'll just be until this business deal comes through. Then we can get married."

Girl: "I'll bat you in the eye, you bum. Get lost!"

* * *

How good a shape are you in? Well, the U.S. Navy's general fitness test for officers under 40 years of age requires a 300-yard run, 15 push-ups, and 11-inch standing jump and 25 sit-ups, all within the space of one hour.

Can you do it?

* * *

Tuck this away for the next time you have to have the family buggy repaired. For standard-sized cars of the Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth class, fix-it charges should average something like this:

Spark plugs: About \$8 for a set of six, \$12 for a set of eight.

New points: \$4 to \$7.

A valve job: For grinding and re-fitting, \$25 to \$40 for a six-cylinder car, \$40 to 50 for an eight.

A ring job: \$60 to \$70 for a six, \$75 to \$100 for an eight.

A ring and valve job: If these are combined, getting them done at the same time can be considerably cheaper than if performed individually — maybe a savings of \$25 to \$30.

(Continued on page 75)

BOYS! MEN!



Mike Marvel

ARE YOU WEAK, ALWAYS TIRED, LACK PEP?

Whether you're thin and scrawny, or sagging with unightly fat—my secret DYNAPLEX method will cram pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality into your puny, exhausted body. Once DYNAPLEX makes you a two-fisted dynamo of manly beauty, rippling with power, glowing with magnetic sex-appeal—you'll be bursting with get-up-and-go. Man, you'll be really ALIVE—tingling with zest and rip-roaring energy—for the first time in years!

PROOF!

"I tried two other systems, before my buddy told me about DYNAPLEX. It really works—and how! I've put two inches of solid muscle on my biceps, three inches on my chest. It's like magic!"

L. C., New York City
"I never thought you could build terrific muscles without exercises or weights. Started DYNAPLEX two weeks ago, and am building a great physique."

E. G. DeBolt, Mich.
"DYNAPLEX is the best yet. Only three weeks, and I have more dates than I can handle! I am telling all my pals about DYNAPLEX."

F. S., Chicago, Ill.

FREE!

'SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS'!



Fellows! Mail the coupon now, and receive Mike Marvel's FREE GIFT to you, this exciting and informative book. Discover a secret method for developing a new, almost MAGNETIC way of attracting the girls. At parties, dances, at the beach—you will have the girls clustering around you breathlessly, while the guys watch enviously. "What does HE have that WE don't?" they will say. The answer is in this exciting new book, your GIFT from Mike Marvel. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW!

Outside USA: Send International Money Order or cash. Great Britain: \$1.98 is about 15 shillings. For air mail delivery, send 1 pound.

MY SECRET NEW DYNAPLEX METHOD

CAN BUILD YOU A MAGNIFICENT NEW HE-MAN-MUSCLED BODY IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—with absolutely NO weights—NO bar-bells—NO EXERCISE AT ALL!

Yes! If the girls LAUGH at you now when you take off your shirt—they'll be breaking down the doors to get dates with you—once they've seen the rugged DYNAPLEX BODY I can give you! I'll build you a tough brutal massive body—shoulders clad with solid inches of he-man BRAWN. I'll give you bulging biceps, trip-hammer fists, power-packed legs, and a chest that will have you popping the buttons off your shirt with pride!

(—says MIKE MARVEL, "Builder of Champion Bodies")

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY NOW?

Pal—do YOURSELF a favor! Take a good long look in a mirror. Do you see a puny, starved body—scrawny arms—bony shoulders—a flabby stomach and skinny legs? Do girls laugh and fellows grin when you take off your shirt?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—I can add solid pounds of rippling, steely he-man MEAT to your build. I can take those skeleton arms and PACK EVERY INCH with explosive virile MAN-MUSCLE. I can take that caved-in chest and build on six rugged inches of strong sleek MAN-SIZED BRAWN. I can clothe your skinny frame with GIANT RIPPLING DYNAPLEX MUSCLES that will have the girls gasping with awe and admiration! And with NO tiring exercise, NO high-priced bar-bells or gym equipment!

Or is your problem a body sagging with soft rolls of unhealthy, unhandsome FAT? Puny muscles—sagging stomach—bloated face—arms heavy with layers of BLUBBER? Are you ASHAMED to go to the beach and let them see your "FAT-MAN PHYSIQUE"?

If so, wake up fellas! THIS IS IT! I will peel off that fat and give you a lean virile DYNAPLEX BODY. Armored with a sheath of hard tough handsome muscle. I can build you into a healthy, streamlined HERCULES—bursting with dynamic manly strength. I'll give you a taut rock-hard midsection—legs muscled like coiled steel springs. I can pack solid DYNAMITE into your fists and give you a rugged handsome build brim-full of the magnetic SUPER-BODY SEX. APPEAL girls are hungry for. And with NO starvation diets—NO fatiguing calisthenics—NO expensive health-foods!

HOW DYNAPLEX BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

DYNAPLEX is the modern miracle of body-building. It takes no tiresome exercises, "crash" diets, protein foods, and no weights or bar-bells. DYNAPLEX is the amazing discovery of a West German Doctor

whose research into the Science of Strength found a thrilling new way to build GIANT BRAVY MUSCLES in ten minutes a day. With DYNAPLEX you "flex" each muscle once—in a certain way—that is more effective than if you exercised that muscle 20, 30, even 100 times the old-fashioned way. With DYNAPLEX you get bigger results in ten minutes than after hours of grunting and groaning, hefting heavy weights.

DYNAPLEX coaxes each muscle in your body to bring out its rough, steely fullness and satiny symmetry. DYNAPLEX packs that muscle with glowing vibrant new strength and energy—FAST. In ten minutes a day I can cover your bony frame with healthy rippling muscle—give you a deep, powerful chest—solid shoulders and iron wrists—tough, slim midsection—and trim, steel-spring legs—simply thru "DYNAPLEXING" each muscle once a day! There's nothing wrong with the bar-bell and weight-lifting method—but why bother? Why waste time and money, why sweat and strain your way to a streamlined symmetrical SAMSON-STRONG BODY—when you can do it better—bigger—faster—easier with the DYNAPLEX SECRET?

STRONG-MAN SEX-APPEAL ATTRACTS GIRLS

Be honest. Down deep you KNOW you envy the boy with the virile, magnificent build. Every man and boy secretly desires a broad brawny back, a solid man-muscled chest, handsome he-man shoulders, arms rippling with tough, steely sinews, a narrow waist, slim hips and springy, power-packed legs. Girls go for a fellow with TWO-FISTED BIG MUSCLE SEX-APPEAL—and they only laugh at skinny guys or "fatso's".

Let me give you a glowing new body, brimming over with energy and irresistible inches of solid muscle on your chest—he-man appeal. I can build three inches of beef and brawn on your shoulders. I will mold you a handsome super-body of terrific strength, give you a crushing grip, legs crammed with steel springs. A lean taut rock-solid punch-proof midsection. Pack your body with energy and thrilling stamina that will have girls falling at your feet.

Mike Marvel System, DEPT. 408, 125 East 46th Street New York 17, N. Y.

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES A DAY—THAT'S ALL!

After DYNAPLEX, you'll be able to roll up your sleeves and take off your shirt and, for the first time in your life, you'll be PROUD of your manly build. Yes, pal, say goodbye to your weak, flabby frame—get ready for adventure and romance with a solid physique that glows and vibrates with virile he-man appeal. You'll be really proud to have people see your MAGNIFICENT HE-MAN-MUSCLES at the beach or gym. And, when the fellows stare with envy and jealousy—when the girls crowd around to squeeze your iron biceps or touch your bulging brawny chest—when they ask in amazement HOW you did it—tell them about the Magic Secret of DYNAPLEX!

Your Pal,

MIKE MARVEL

"Builder of Champion Bodies"



MAIL MONEY- SAVING NO RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

Check as many of the boxes you want HERE — Complete System \$1.98.

- ☐ Less fat, be trim and solid
- ☐ Build deep brawny chest, bulging with vigorous strength
- ☐ Less fat, be trim, strong, handsome
- ☐ Mold mighty back, broad beefy shoulders
- ☐ Build muscle on skinny wrists and arms
- ☐ Develop crushing grip two-fisted punch-power

MIKE MARVEL System, Dept. 408 125 East 46 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Okay, Mike! Here's \$1.98. Send me your COMPLETE (nothing else to buy later) body-building course. I want to use your new secret of DYNAPLEX to win a HERCULES HE-MAN BODY in just ten minutes a day. Rush my copies of the DYNAPLEX SYSTEM and my free gift book "Secrets of Attracting Girls" on your money-back guarantee, in plain wrappers. If I don't develop a splendid physique and become more popular with girls you will refund my money in full.

NAME _____ AGE _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ (Please Print!)

80,000 STREETWALKERS

Paree's No. 1 Tourist Attraction

Every year, one million American tourists buy French love on a cash-and-carry basis. The wages of sin are high, ranging from \$5 to \$50, depending on the girls and competition.

By Rod Heymann





On Rue Pigalle, three 21-year old novices show "restraint" in solicitation.



GI's dickering with a couple of young girls may end up paying five to ten dollars.



On Rue St. Denis, two novices wear short skirts, current hairdo and learn to wait.

(The author, a noted American free lance journalist, has been living in Paris for the past two years, BLUE-BOOK assigned him to give its readers the latest, up-to-date facts on what is, perhaps, the City of Light's most famous—or infamous—institution—Paris sex.)

IN 1958, when General Charles DeGaulle took over the reins of the French government, it was predicted that prostitution finally would be stamped out forever.

Police raids proceeded with vigor. Shady hotels were shut down, any many of Paris' most active (and attractive) *cocottes* were put out of business.

However, in 1960, when I settled down in the City of Light, it was already apparent to me that the "heat" was definitely off.

On any day of the week, as I strolled through such places as the *Quartier de la Goutte* or along the *Rue St. Denis*, I would find myself propositioned—or winked at—by different women of varying ages and comeliness.

I became curious. And what male visitor to Paris wouldn't? I began questioning numerous *cocottes* and their *maquereaus* (pimps). I spoke with members of the

gendarmerie and with some of Paris' top newspapermen. I interviewed leading businessmen and artists, and I spent hours in the library. Finally, after many months of investigation, I was able to track down the reason why, despite restrictive laws, the number of "love-for-sale" girls in Paris has reached the record high of over 80,000.

Prostitution has traditionally been treated in France with mixed feelings. An attitude of Latin tolerance and frankness has been tempered by pure French pragmatism, seeking to control the effects of prostitution in the interests of public health and public morality, rather than to prohibit it entirely. The history of Paris reflects the opposition between these two viewpoints, and city ordinances follow one another like a see-saw, first leaning one way, then another, depending upon the temperament of the head of the government, his Provost (Governor of Paris), and sometimes his wife.

The first of these regulations, which became the foundation for all later laws, was in fact brought about by an irate wife, in 1254. Marguerite of Provence, the queen of Saint Louis, was shocked to find herself seated in church next to an obvious and overdressed prostitute, and prevailed upon her husband to decree that women of light virtue should be tolerated only in certain streets and houses set aside for them. This became the law of the land. However, human nature soon took its revenge with the appearance of two books: "*Le Dit des Rues de Paris*," by Guillot, which proved to be a directory of red light streets in the Thirteenth Century, and the list of *Boutiques du Pêché* which appeared in 1292 in *Le Role de la Taille*, listing both the houses and the names of the girls who worked there. Some of the girls were listed as follows:

Margherite la Galoise
Aaliz sans argent (without money)

80,000 STREETWALKERS . . .

Agnès aux Blanches Mains (with white hands)
 Marie la Noire (the black)
 Péronelle aux Chiens (with dogs)
 Isabeau la Clopine (the limper)

Even in those far off days, women had already realized the financial possibilities of specialization; the two last girls above have their modern counterparts: Angelina l'Italienne "does" the Boulevard Sebastapol with her dog, and the corner of the Rue des Lombards and the Rue St. Denis was famous for many years because of the one-legged girl who practiced there.

In 1346 Saint Louis' original decree was counter-signed by Charles V, who added a further paragraph which has since remained an integral part of all French law—to wit that no one outside of certain approved streets may rent rooms to a woman for the purpose of prostitution without cancellation of the lease and loss of rent. Further ordinances decreed that prostitutes should dress less gaudily, and forbade fur-trimmed dresses and gold belts. In 1427 *le Compte des Domaines* noted that Jeannette la Fleurie was arrested for wearing squirrel trimmings on her white robe. She was jailed, and her too-rich clothes were sold at auction for the benefit the policemen who had arrested her.

Afterward, history went its way, sometimes strictly, as shown by the decree that caused known panderers to be punished with a branding iron, sometimes liberally. The poet Francois Villon stated that in his day one could find 3000 *belles filles* in Paris, not counting the suburbs. Prices at the time of Henri II are listed as *Cinq Souz*, and girls could only work by daytime. They were required to shut up shop at curfew. Work was also forbidden on important feast days, and Paris historian René Héron de Villefosse (related that Catherine du Soleil was heavily fined in 1417 for having "worked" on Assumption Day. Streets in the neighborhood of Les Halles were often known by such suggestive names as

Rue Gratte Cul, Rue Tire Boudin and Rue Poil au C. Some of these streets had iron railings at both ends in order to shut in the girls for the night. The railings have since disappeared and the names been changed to Rue Dussoubs, Rue Marie Stuart and Rue Pelican, respectively, but the commerce practiced therein has remained unchanged to this day.

Kings came and went. Henri IV, a popular monarch who led a lusty life, made himself even more popular by being broad-minded. Louis XIV is said, in his old age, to have displayed an unwholesome interest in the anecdotes related by his provost. Medieval trimmings, such as cutting off the ears and noses of girls caught with soldiers, were replaced by medical visits and central filing systems, until we reach the days of the Third Republic, when all known prostitutes were endowed with a professional card, to be stamped regularly by a doctor. The main provisions of the law of Saint Louis were otherwise still in effect. Prostitution was permitted, but limited to certain streets and certain stated hours.

In 1946 a wave of post-war reform swept over Western Europe, nationalizing industries, setting up social insurance and health programs, and giving the vote to French women. With the passing of a new law in 1946, the wives of France once more intervened in the regulation of prostitution. The most controversial and spectacular aspect of the law of April 13, 1946, was the closing of the "houses" which, since the Gay Nineties and the time of Toulouse Lautrec, had become tourist attractions. However, this clause only concerned the 1500 girls who were employed therein—not the 5000 who were always on the streets. Thus the change was not so great as it appeared. What the lawmakers aimed at was a new philosophical approach, based on the declaration of the Rights of Man, that each individual is free to dispose of himself and his body as he pleases. Prostitution is now considered an inalienable right, but the prostitute is not permitted to solicit. Furthermore, the six-hundred-year-old law of 1346 which forbids her to rent a room for her profession is still in existence. The new law contains other ambiguities. For example, a young woman may voluntarily and legally embark upon a life of prostitution if she is over the age of 18, but she may not get married without her parents consent



Some gals use gimmicks. One "walks" street with her dog.



Despite 1946 law closing "houses", bordels flourish in North African quarter.



Another popular street for soliciting is Rue Aux Ours. Here, \$50 tart hopefully gives prospective customer the "eye."

until she reaches the age of 21. In order to protect the prostitutes' privacy, the old card system and central register were destroyed. However, it was soon found, for reasons of public health, that some system of medical control had to be installed. Later it was decided to open a new but anonymous register. Each girl who "habitually accepts money for the act of selling herself" must carry a card, stamped with the date by her doctor, but neither her name nor her description need appear on the card. She has only a number. One can imagine the frauds this leads to.

What is the situation today? Pretty well what it was before. Any tourist who spends a week end in the city cannot fail to see a lot of women on the streets. Police have followed the letter of the new law by regularly arresting the girls for soliciting, even for "passive soliciting by wearing suggestive clothing," only to find that the courts prefer to stick to the *spirit* of law. Thus

judges have regularly acquitted their prisoners.

Insofar as statistics are concerned, Jaqueline Piatier did a stock-taking series of articles in *Le Monde* (Sept. 3-10, 1957), entitled, "Where Are We Eleven Years Later?" and found that substantially the same number of prostitutes are card holders as previously, but notes a recent increase of about 300 a year, giving a total of about 7000 for 1957. There can, however, be no accurate statistics due to the new secrecy regulations, and all observers agree that there is a large number of *clandestines* and *occasionnelles* who have never volunteered for registration and have managed to avoid police raids. Judge Sacotte gives what he calls a conservative estimate of 3000. Mme. Piatier quotes "police authorities" as saying 15,000, and Dr. A. Corbillion, in *Problemes* (the Medical students' review) of May 1960, goes as high as 80,000. It is believed that this figure includes a certain number of women who occasionally stoop to accept money from a man, but do not come under the category of "regular" prostitutes. Whatever the figures, there is no doubt that in spite of unparalleled economic prosperity, shortage of labor and rising wages, there has been a steady increase in the number of prostitutes on the streets of Paris. Fortunately for public health, this increase has coincided with the widespread use of antibiotics, and evidence of venereal disease has gone down, although recent World Health Organization statistics show some reversal of this trend.

The streets of Paris present several different types of markets, each designed to appeal to different kinds of consumers. The most typical as well as the oldest market is Les Halles, which since the Middle Ages has been a traditional stronghold of prostitution. Madame du Barry started as *entraineuse* in a local *bistro* before becoming the King's mistress. Today, so famous is Les Halles, 24 hour service is guaranteed. The girls sell themselves at the same bargain rates as cabbages and cauliflowers in the nearby wholesale market. This is the lowest rung of the ladder. The young and often pretty beginner goes at the same fee as the fat, elderly woman who should have retired long ago but still, strangely enough, finds customers. Because few of

(Continued on page 44)

High priced prostitutes (50 new francs, up) unlike this cheaply clothed girl, dress like Parisian high fashion models.



CHAOS IN

LUANG PRABANG—Defense Minister Phoumi Nosavan has ordered government garrison troops at Nam Tha to search for Mala Dubois, 23, missing since last June after her parents were slain by Pathet Lao guerrillas who raided the Dubois tea estate.

—Burmese News Agency.

IT WAS ON A CHAOTIC MORNING last May when I encountered Mala Dubois, one of the most ingenious Communist killers in Laos and by all odds the most beautiful.

For almost a year, following the grenade murder of her French father and Laotian mother in June, 1961, on the Dubois tea estate near Nam Tha, the 23-year-old Eurasian had been fighting her own private war against Communists in general and Col. Kham Xieng of the Pathet Lao forces in particular. It was Xieng who commanded the guerrilla troops who had killed her parents.

I met Mala Dubois after 'chuting into the hostile hills of northwestern Laos while flying our company's venerable Auster from besieged Nam Tha towards the Burmese frontier — trying to make it the 285 mile distance to Mandalay.

I had lingered too long in Nam Tha, working on a survey for the highway that Southeast Asia Construction, Ltd., the British outfit employing me, had contracted to build from the capital, Luang Prabang.

Remaining in the city was the first of three errors in judgment I made that had nothing to do with the project itself.

I believed the assurances of Brig. General La Pathamavong, commander of the Nam Tha garrison that his five U.S.-trained battalions of the Royal Laotian Army would hold the city.

I kept on believing him even after the Pathet Lao, reinforced by tough Communist regulars from North Viet Nam, began clobbering the city with more than a score of their Russ-supplied 105-mm howitzers.

I made my second mistake when the 4,000 garrison troops of the Royal Laotian Army called quits and retreated from the old French fort.

Raising dust clouds above the streets of reddish dirt they trotted into the woods, taking off in the direction of Ban Housei Sai on the Thailand border. Close behind them were fleeing Chinese and Indian merchants who had hastily steel-shuttered their stores and musty-smelling opium godowns, for Nam Tha is Laos' chief opium collecting and marketing center.

A couple of our 'copters put down at the airport and took aboard the U.S. Observers along with Brig. Gen. La Pathamavong. As an American civilian, a construction engineer, I should have gone with them instead of playing Boy Scout trying to save our company's plane.

My third error, considering that I'm a former U.S.

Marine fighter pilot and also am familiar with Laotian carelessness, was dumbest of all.

Instead of standing over the mechs at the airport while they were fueling my plane from rusty petrol tins I laid out my flight plan.

I know damned well they didn't bother to strain the gasoline through the chamois I handed to one of them for this purpose.

I became aware of it scarcely a quarter hour out of Nam Tha Airport when, after climbing to 5,500 feet, the engine began to stutter. Before long the stutter turned into misses, the plane bucked protestingly through the golden blue sky, and I had that ominous choking-carburetor feeling.

I surveyed the country below, inhabited by the half-wild Khalom hillmen of the northern frontier. A broad green forest carpet, torn by jagged limestone ridges, it unrolled endlessly over the steep hills and narrow valleys, fading into the rose-and-lavender haze of distance which was Yunnan Province in Communist China.

Not a clearing or field for an emergency landing as far as my eyes could see. Not so much as a muddy rice paddy. Aside from raising an occasional small patch of opium poppies the Khalom tribesmen don't go in for agriculture.

The engine coughed violently. For a moment or two I was half hopeful that the carburetor had succeeded in clearing its throat. And then the engine conked out completely.

I rode the plane down to 3,000 feet and took to my 'chute.

Jumps are no novelty to me. I had my share of practice jumps back in my air cadet days. I also bailed out in a few combat emergencies that developed later while I was in the service in Korea.

This jump was different, ending as it did in complete snafu. I was aiming at the softest spot I could pick below, a patch of elephant grass bordering a stand of feathery bamboo when a freak gust of wind blew my 'chute sideways, tossing me into a tall ipang tree.

Protecting my face with my arms I was crashing downward through the branches when a couple of loose nylon shroud lines somehow got looped around my body. They tightened as I fell and jerked me to an abrupt stop like a roped steer.

The breath was knocked out of me. I dangled a few feet above the ground while a family of toque monkeys living in a nearby tree cursed me roundly for having frightened them, making up in indignation for what they lacked in size.

I carried a sheath knife on my belt, a .38 automatic in a shoulder holster but both were useless to me. One of the 'chute lines from which I was suspended was tightly looped around my forearms.

Despite my struggles and twisting I couldn't get at the knife to cut myself

(Continued on page 45)

LAOS

By David Colley with Jim Young, Business Development

After the Commies slaughtered Mala's parents, the luscious redhead became a wildcat seeking revenge. With an ex-marine and a guerrilla army, the Eurasian girl fought till the jungle ran red with blood.

Custom, the fastest get into from the
side. If you're sitting next to me,
the window is right there. I'm
sitting next to me to cover me.





BRITISH CUSTOMS CONCERNED OVER INCREASED SMUGGLING

Smuggled Luxury Items Equal
30% of Legitimate Sales

LONDON, May 15 — The British government has expressed a growing concern over the increase in contraband being smuggled through customs from the European continent. Despite increased precautions, jewelry, watches, luxury items, and salacious literature are pouring into the country.

The major concern is over the loss of income from the smuggled luxury goods. Steps are being taken to

THE YANKEE SMUGGLER who's making a monkey out of English customs

By Clark
as told to Arthur Kent



Just as we got to the dark, deserted beach, I knew something had gone haywire.

But I couldn't tell my sexy smuggling partner I was scared, or she'd drop me cold. So, I kept walking — right into a trap.

IN THE NARROW beam of light from the dashboard I saw the flash of nylon as Janice slid her legs from the Jaguar. I reached for the Smith & Wesson .38 revolver in the dashboard pocket. The butt was cold in my grasp. I shivered slightly.

Janice had got out and was standing on the grass hump beside the ditch. She said to me in her classy English voice, "Have you got the gun?"

I grunted. There was sweat on my forehead. My throat had clogged up. The brandy, I'd reinforced my nerve with back at the country inn, seemed to have lost its zing. If anything, it had made me feel sick. I told myself for about the twentieth time that it wasn't too late. That I could call it off. That we could go off back.

But Janice was already moving, and I didn't know how Janice would take it if I pulled out, I remembered that she had dropped the (Continued on next page)

THE YANKEE SMUGGLER . . .

ex-RAF flyer Dennis because he'd lost his nerve and began to hit the bottle.

Janice went to the boot of the car. She came back a moment later with the bag. In that bag there was a lot of dough. A third of it was mine.

Janice took my arm and together we inched along the road in the darkness. In the distance we heard the roar and hiss of the sea as it crumbled on the shingled beach. It was very dark, with no moon yet.

If I was scared Janice wasn't. She said calmly, "Stop worrying, Clark. There's nothing to indicate that these people are the same crowd."

Not the same crowd? There was forty-five thousand dollars in five pound notes in the B.E.A. hand-grip she was carrying. If something went wrong, I would lose every penny I had. Janice would be broke too. We were about to buy a consignment of contraband from a yacht coming across from France. Courier had met courier. Plan had been compared with plan. And the deal had been set up.

It was our biggest smuggling deal yet. And I was worried on a couple of counts. For a start the French boys were being over cooperative. They were taking the major risk by bringing the stuff across to us. And I heard the stories in the London club where the smuggling fraternity met. There had been at least two cases in recent months where English smugglers had had their cargoes hi-jacked.

They had slipped into a lonely section of beach on the French side late at night, taken aboard a cargo, paid for it on the spot — and then been confronted by a group of men with hard, earnest expressions backed up by Tommy-guns. Unarmed themselves, the British boys had lost their cargo, their cash, and were lucky to keep their lives and their craft.

We reached the end of the road and turned off. The narrow track we were now on dropped sharply towards the beach. On either side of us were the dark silhouettes of large houses against the night skyline. This was a beauty spot, I remembered. Once Noel Coward had lived here. Peter Ustinov, I believed, still had a summer retreat here.

Below us was a small bay shielded on either side by towering white chalk cliffs. Small craft could nose into the bay and run against the small jetties that poked into the sea. Cargoes could be unloaded in the dark and humped a few yards to a waiting truck.

We had a truck down there now — ready. Behind a wall was our companion Jack. And Jack was another source of worry for me. He had put up about fifteen thousand pounds, and he wouldn't be keen to loose it. Jack had a Sterling English submachine gun with him, plus the know-how and nerve to use it indiscriminately if his stake money was jeopardized.

So Janice and I, arm in arm like a couple of sweethearts (should anybody be watching), walked down to the biggest night of trouble I've ever known in my 38 years.

I'm a Yank, and I'm in the smuggling business in England, and this is how I got into it. My real name and where I came from in New York, doesn't matter. Perhaps I'll publish that in about five years — when I've made my pile — and retire to a nice quiet place like, say, Marrakesh.

Now there are several advantages in smuggling into Britain. For a start, England's just about the highest taxed country in the world. For another, the English have a soft spot for a smuggler. They don't look upon him as a thug. This is reflected in the penalties they hand out to the boys they catch. A heavy fine or or a nominal few months in prison is the usual punishment.

Smuggling has been looked upon as a romantic business — and a paying one — since about the time of the American Revolution. It reached its peak, I guess, about the time of the Napoleonic wars. To answer the Napoleonic threat, the British Government had to



build massive fleets and armies, and the people had to face crippling taxes.

Smuggling became a national sport. Paradoxically, the Englishman doesn't mind fighting for his country, but he hates to hand out his good dough to buy the equipment. In Napoleon's day, entire English villages participated. Including the squire and the vicar. Cornishmen used their towering granite cliffs to hide their contraband shipments. Kentish men brought their stuff in across the shingled beaches and marshes.

Then the contraband was mainly French lace, brandy, tobacco. Now it's almost everything — watches, jewelry, smutty novels from the Paris presses, even dope — although I never handle that misery-maker. Then the penalty could be death on the gallows; now — and they've got to catch you first — it's a heavy fine.

It is true that the Customs officers now have science on their side — radio and radar — we have taken advantage of progress, too. We use aircraft when we get together to form a syndicate for a shipment, and fast luxury yachts.

And if you doubt the United Kingdom is a smuggler's paradise just look at these figures issued recently by the powerful National Association of Goldsmiths. Urging stiffer penalties for smugglers, they pointed out that approximately fifteen million dollars worth of watches are smuggled into Britain each year. Since the average import of legitimate foreign watches is only \$30,000,000 this means about one in three watches comes into Britain illegally!

And they were only talking about a specific item. A wrist watch which, when sold legally across a counter, carries nearly fifty per cent tax on its price.

How then did I get started in the business? Well, I was bumming my way around the world as a seaman. I had led a rather useless life since my marriage ended. On furlough from the ship, I was drinking in a club off Piccadilly in the afternoon, waiting for the evening to brighten the old town up.

The club was deserted. Except for a barkeep — and Janice. She was sitting at the bar, toying with a beer, smoking a cigarette stuck in a long black ivory holder. She was about 27, I guessed, and damned attractive and shaped the right way. She was wearing a form-hugging two piece charcoal

grey suit. Her raven hair was short, in a poodle cut.

I took a stroll two places from her and ordered a scotch. I made a couple of assumptions about her. I categorized her either as a bored housewife out for an afternoon of catting or as a divorcee up to see the bright lights and a good time. She seemed to be a little bored and a little upset.

This view was reinforced when I shook my blinkers at her a couple of times. She looked back, with interest. I got some sixpenny pieces, crossed to the jukebox, fed in some coins. Before pressing the button, I asked her what she'd like to hear.

"Silence," she said. But she smiled encouragingly when she said it.

I turned, looked around the bar. There were several alcoves with padded seats. I indicated one, smiled. She nodded, picked up her drink and handbag, and walked across there. I watched her go. She was a poem in motion.

Collecting my drink, I followed. The barkeep's face remained expressionless. He'd seen it happen too often before.

I'd been wrong in my theories about Janice. She was neither a divorcee nor a bored housewife, although she was a little bored. I discovered much later that evening that she'd been waiting for an ex-RAF guy, who had been hitting the bottle too much of late and, she presumed, was in jail.

I soon made the discovery that she was interested in the two Ms. Men and money and in that order. But she was no gold digger. She liked men — or rather a man at a time — and she liked money to go with him. But she was willing to do her share of planning and take her share of the risks involved to get it. But that I didn't discover until later—next morning in fact. She was well educated, and was once a school teacher. She was sophisticated, amusing, modern, independent, and very proud of it. Nor was she basically dishonest. Although she was in the smuggling business, like most Limeys, she didn't look upon cheating the government as crooked.

We had a few more more drinks. Then we went to the theatre. Janice was to teach me a lot about the theatre. Then we went on to dinner and a dance. Just after midnight we got out of a cab in a side street in Chelsea, and I followed her up to her apartment in a swanky period house.

Because I'd got to know Janice in those few hours, I was expecting her apartment to be nice. Everything about Janice indicated expensive living. And, completely under her spell and infatuated with her, I was wondering how I could keep up with her? I didn't have the kind of dough to take Janice to the sort of joints she liked to visit. But her apartment was really an eye-opener. It wasn't only expensively fitted out, but a lot of thought and taste had gone into the designing and the furnishings.

She flicked on subdued wall lights, which lit the room in an intimate cozy glow. She indicated a cocktail cabinet in rosewood and then a stereo which matched it. "Help yourself," she said; "I won't be a minute."

I poured myself a liberal scotch, then started on the stereo. Most of the composers on the disc sleeves I'd never heard of. I settled for a couple of long players by the "Satchmo", got them playing, then waited, nursing my drink.

She came back in a housecoat, but it wasn't the flimsy, filmy garment I'd been expecting. I was a little disappointed. But I discovered another thing about Janice. She didn't throw her sex at you like it was an old sock.

She asked for a scotch, I got her one, then we sat together on a long studio couch. Half a drink later she said, in an amused whisper, "You like women, don't you, Clark?"

I shrugged.

"Don't deny it," she smiled; "I can see it every time you look at me. You like them, and some."

"I guess so," I said.

"But what about money — do you like money, Clark?"

I hesitated. She'd got me on the sore point. Maybe she liked me. Maybe she liked me a lot. But she had already realized that I didn't have the sort of dough that would keep her at the level she was accustomed to.

"I like money, sure," I replied. "But I've never worried about it much. I've always had enough for my immediate wants. A few drinks, clothes, outing. Even dates. Lack of dough," I stressed, "has never lost me a woman yet."

She laughed at that. She lifted her head and laughed. It was a beautiful laugh even if it was at my expense.

She waved an arm around the apartment. "Money isn't important," she said. "But look at the sort of (Continued on page 64)

How to **OUTFOX A USED**

With 15,000,000 used cars on the road having had one to eight owners, wise up to those used car dealers who are out to cheat you. Read what this ex-dealer has to say about the 100 ways you can be gypped.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frank Vista is not the real name of the author of this piece. "I don't know when I'll have to go back into the business to earn a living and I wouldn't want to louse up my future." Frank spent 12 years as a used car salesman and then owner of a used car lot. Even when he tried to be honest, the wise-guys who came to buy the cars taught him a con lesson he'll never forget. Read and then re-read this piece before you buy a second hand car.

IN EVERY CORNER of the tin can jungle where used and abused cars are sold, billions of dollars change hands annually. Fifteen million vehicles on U.S. roads have been used by from one to eight previous owners. Autos range from wheezing fugitives from the junkyard, called "rats" and "stiffs," to good serviceable used cars with years of active life in their sound innards.

For twelve years I've been, what is called in the trade, "top gun" in selling these has-beens and still-ares. On the sales and earnings board in the office, I have always been number one man. I'm top gun because I've learned to get the drop on you snipers who enter the jungle determined to outwit me and get two or three times as much car as you're willing to pay for.

That doesn't mean ALL of you, of course. Some of you are honestly ready to pay a dollar for a dollar's worth of second-hand car because you can't afford a new automobile. Some others, equally straight-thinking, hesitate to buy a new car in order to avoid taking that depreciation licking which reduces new



CAR DEALER

By Frank Vista

car value by one-half or more during the first two years.

I prefer to deal with the kind of people who know what they want, wait for me to produce it, and then close a fair deal with no nonsense.

But! You self-styled shrewdies and shrewdettes! When you step into my spiderweb with your larcenous motives sticking out all over you like porcupine quills, I'm loaded for bear when I tackle you. Invariably you insist on *price* rather than *value*, sure that you can inveigle me into selling you an almost-new vehicle for peanuts. With this kind of thinking, you must wind up with a "rat" or a "stiff." The amount you think you've saved will be fed out many times over to repair men who simply cannot inject life into a junk-box which should have been off the highways years ago. By your smarty-pants approach to the purchase of a second-hand car, you have converted a once respectable business into America's biggest wholesale fraud today. You have made

bandits of salesmen and given a kind of cockeyed dignity to the term "top gun."

One of my earliest experiences in this business illustrates the unpredictability of the oddballs who bring their quirks to the used-car lot. A couple in their early forties drove up in a coughing, sputtering rattletrap and immediately went into a routine familiar to my trained eyes.

The man walked around, kicking tires, slapping upholstery and lifting hoods, wearing an owlsh expression intended to impress me. His wife chattered incessantly about colors, upholstery condition and little dents she spotted in this car and that. This is the standard behavior pattern of no-nothing, used-car shoppers.

I tried to sell them a 2-year-old Chrysler, driven by one owner, for \$1500 with their jalopy as a trade-

in. Wifey didn't like the paint job. Hubby was attracted to a 3-year-old Buick convertible suffering from premature old age and the effects of two serious accidents.

Trying to steer their interest back to the Chrysler, a good buy, I quoted a \$1200 price on the Buick—a fantastic overprice. Hubby insisted on taking it for a spin around the block. Naturally, it took off like a scared rabbit. The mechanic has equipped the crate with hot spark plugs. For a while, the car would behave like the answer to a hot-rodder's dream. And that fire-engine red paint job, even with the scrapes and scratches, captivated wifey.

Quick as a wink, they offered me \$1,000 spot cash and their trade-in. My conscience nipped a bit. I was still new in the business. But we closed the deal and they were off.

On the following afternoon I was



HOW TO OUTFOX A USED CAR DEALER...

shocked. Dressed in black from head to toe, even to the full veil of deep mourning, the woman who had bought the Buick walked in. Her eyes were tear-stained when she pulled back the veil. Taking note of my stunned expression, she said, "Yes, my husband suffered a heart attack. He died in the ambulance going to the hospital." She wept openly for a few moments. Then she said, "Oh, he was such a good man. But Dan had no insurance—nothing. There is nothing for funeral expenses. Could you possibly cancel the deal and take back the car?"

I went in and spoke to the dealer I worked for. My eyes must have been a little moist as I explained the situation. The boss, hard as flint, barked, "No dice. I've got a buyer already for her trade-in, for one thing. For another thing, she and her husband passed up a good buy and insisted on that Buick. We cleared \$500 on that load and I'm not refunding a quarter. There's no sentiment in the used-car business."

With heavy heart I brought the woman the dealer's reply. "I'm sorry," I said, "I wish I could be of some help."

The softness in her eyes changed instantly to flaming fury. "Why, you dirty miserable sunavabitch," she roared, jumping up and adding a string of obscenities to her denunciation of me. "You just wait

until I go home, you creep, and tell my husband about this!"

Hundreds of experiences like this have toughened my fiber. Just as customers are suspicious of used cars and those who deal in them, I have learned to be suspicious of people. You can't, of course, take all of the risk out of buying a second hand car. Nor can I take all the risk out of selecting those people who come on the lot looking for a square deal. I've "taken a bath"—which is used-car-ese for taking a beating on a deal.

One night about a year ago, a fellow came in after double-parking his Mercury. He asked me what I'd allow him on a trade-in. I was tired and merely glanced through the window at the double-parked vehicle. "What is it? A '56?" I inquired. He nodded. "I'll give you \$250," I said.

Three times he came back to look over cars on the lot. He always came at night and double-parked. Finally he spotted a De Soto that he liked. It was agreed that the price was \$600 and the trade-in at a \$250 evaluation. He promised to return with the money the following night.

The next night he came in with the money but without his Mercury. "My battery conked out," he said, "and I had to take a bus."

I agreed to send the wrecker out to his house and tow it in. He paid

me and we closed the deal. I let him drive home in the De Soto.

When the wrecker brought his Mercury in, the entire left side of the vehicle was smashed in as if it had been hit by a Mack truck. "What happened?" I asked the wrecker. "Did you have an accident on the way in?"

"Hell, no," the wrecker said, looking bewildered. "I didn't even see that side of the car. It was parked flush with the side of the guy's house. I just threw the hook on and towed it in. And, by the way, it's a '55, not a '56."

Now I knew why the customer always came at night and double-parked. I called him up and congratulated him on that and the gimmick of getting it towed in with the bad side hidden alongside his home. You can bet I took a bath on that deal.

If I had had an appraiser on that lot, the car would have been taken for a rough ride and inspected before a trade-in figure was fixed. He probably would have called out to me in code, "One line." Half of the line is the appraised allowance. "Four line," for example means two hundred dollars; "six line," three hundred. This is an old carnival experssion. Used car lots have a generous sprinkling of ex-carnival grifters, ex-cons and ex-any-thing else you want to name.

No one is going to succeed in cleaning up the used-car car skulduggery merely by getting rid of the bandits on the lots and in the agencies. By your wise-guy attitude toward the purchase of a second hand job, you would only create new bandits to replace the old. It's common sense. You try to beat them. They must beat you. This is their bread and butter. Their wits grow sharper, their ethics duller in this daily contact with buyers who strive to gyp veteran gypers.

This is why I'm offering you a kind of primer in used-car buying. By exposing the gimmicks, I may induce thousands of people to revise their approach toward dealing with us bandits. Who knows? It may start a trend. Selling you full value for a fair price is easier and more profitable than playing the bandit role to take suckers for a short costly ride.

Before you go near a lot, decide at home why you want a car. If you need an all-purpose family car, an inexpensive compact on the sunny side of \$2,000 may be the answer.

If you need a roomier car and the budget is limited, a recent model

USED CAR CHECK LIST

- Oil pressure should be in the mid-range on the indicator and hold steady under acceleration.
- Check the tire casings for cuts, undue wear, uneven treads.
- Upholstery should not be unduly soiled or torn. Covers may hide bad rips.
- Brakes should have firm pressure and be well up from floor.
- Car should travel straight without weave, sway or side pull.
- Standard transmission clutch should engage smoothly when about half way out. Performance of automatic transmission should be smooth and quiet.
- Engine should start easily when cold; more easily when warm. With lights and radio on, drive about 30 miles an hour. If the ammeter registers "discharge", generator or battery may be worn. (Normal for generator to discharge at idling speed.)
- Check windows for operation and discoloration.
- Check several stations on radio.
- Foot pedal pads should not be unduly worn.
- Try heater and defroster.
- Replacement-type oil filter will save you money.
- Check lights in park and dim driving ranges. Now the stop and the tail lights.
- Look for extensive rust.
- Pull oil dip stick to check for clear oil. Water bubbles or signs of use of extra heavy oil may indicate bad trouble.
- Drive over reasonable rough road, listening for clanking, to check shock absorbers.
- Engine compartment probably has been steam cleaned. Look for water or oil oozing. Dry it up, if it reappears, sprinkle with talcum powder to reveal origin.
- Rain gutters over doorposts should be straight. Body metal should be smooth. Wavy gutter or side panels result from reworking car after an accident.
- Check battery for dried or cracked plates. See that acid deposits have not destroyed frame.
- Pay no attention to "book value" of car. There may be several hundreds of dollars variance between two cars that carry the same "Blue Book" listing. Hard use and abuse make the difference.

Bluebook Short Short

used car is probably indicated.

If you want a second car for transportation to and from work, shopping and moving locally, or for a grown kid, a slightly older model can be economical.

Decide what make car and model you favor. Now estimate how much you want to spend. The newspaper ads will keep you posted on price ranges. Just ignore the blatant pitches in the ads of some dealers who promise such nonsense as, "No cash. Drive off the lot — today!" "Bank repossessions. Steals at our prices!" "Even if other dealers have turned you down. No co-signers. We have a car for you!" These are two-gun bandits. Avoid them.

By this preliminary survey of your needs, you will narrow down the field. Spending less time looking at hundreds of cars unsuited to your purpose, you'll have more time to inspect the few dozen from which you'll make your selection. Less bewilderment. Fewer booby-traps to avoid.

How Old A Car Is Economically Sound?

The newer the car, the cheaper it should be to maintain. The older the car, the more likely it is that you are buying someone else's headaches. The safest bet, all other things being equal, is a two- or three-year old car in a popular-price class — say, a Chevy, Ford, or Plymouth.

Four-year-old and older cars depreciate more slowly, but the cost of repairs, maintenance and service tends to mount. One old car may cost less in initial outlay, but a used car a year or two younger costing more will save you money in the long run because of fewer and smaller repair bills.

A southern boy wouldn't take my advice on this score. He refused a good buy in a Chevy four years old for \$600 and bought a 7-year-old Ford for \$250 against my advice. Three weeks later, he was back on the lot without the car. "The morning I done step on the ol' starter and step on it. But the car, she don't say nothin'. Your ads say, 'We stand behind every car we sell'. Boss, you all better come and stand behind mine and push like hell."

Which Makes And Models Are Your Best Buys?

Big, expensive cars drop off in value faster than the cheaper models. A 1957 Buick and a 1957 Chevrolet in the same condition bring about (Continued on page 57)



THE RUTHLESS REDHEAD

"SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL criminal I've ever seen," said Abe Raeburn. "Gold redhair, a white face like a marble statue and a figure like an actress. She can lie too, look right at you and lie so's you'd think she was speakin' the gospel truth."

The knot of newspapermen wrote hungrily in their pads, mopping their brows in the 105° heat. Raeburn was the county Sheriff of Linksbury, New Mexico, and he was trying to fill in the writers on the escape of Marianne Donat, age 25, con artist, thief, one-time mastermind of a stick-up gang and also suspected of murder in Phoenix, Arizona. The girl had been picked up on a grand larceny rap in Los Angeles, but she had outfoxed the arresting officer, stolen his gun and vanished leaving one policeman with a bashed head and no clues.

The five-state alarm insisted that she be picked up and held for extradition. The Sheriff returning to his office from a hunting trip week-end, had picked up a redheaded hitchhiker and brought her into Linksbury. He dropped her off and went on his way to the office. It was here that his deputy, lanky Jim Peterson told him of the alarm. By the time they searched the town, she was gone.

"Where's your deputy now?" asked the reporter from the Los Angeles Times.

"He's out looking for her in the desert — someone said they'd seen a woman riding west on a horse. I'm waiting for the Air Force to fly in a helicopter tomorrow, but Jim — he was too impatient — he took the jeep and he's out after her now. Me — I'm getting too old for this heat."

There were more questions, but the heat was too overpowering and the interview broke up. But out on the Painted Desert, the slim, black-haired deputy with the lopsided grin was pursuing his quarry with grim determination. The Sheriff had mentioned how beautiful she was and maybe, though he would never admit it to a living soul, he wanted to tangle with her. He was 26, and bull-headed according to the Sheriff, but he felt he had the soul of a poet. More than anything he enjoyed women. In his daydream as he pursued the beautiful girl, he dreamed of making love to her. Maybe it wasn't very legal like, but it was part of the game he played with himself and it hurt no one.

He was green when it came to detective work, but he studied the FBI bulletins, books on crime and the community and the ways of criminals with great gusto. He was ambitious and determined to make good and perhaps some day succeed Raeburn. (Continued on page 80)

**Guaranteed
Guaranteed to
Guaranteed to make
Guaranteed to make you
Guaranteed to make you laugh . . .**

How to Make a GIRL Say YES

By Elad Nella

... He bet me that
I had red, green &
white striped underwear
on! What a kook!
... He lost!

"HELLO?" Henry said sleepily into the phone.
"Henry? Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you all night!" A shrill, female voice demanded.
"Listen, Esther, do you realize what time it is . . . ?"
"Henry, I had to call. Alex's over here."
"Aw right. Alex? Who in hell is Alex?"
"You know, Alex. He paid for all the drinks at Dean's bar the other night."
"Oh, him. Well, what's he want? It's damn near three-thirty in the morning. Do you know that?"
"He's been here since about ten."
"What?"
"I thought maybe you told him to meet you here or something. I mean, how else would he know where I live?"
"Look, I don't even know the guy. Hey! What've you two been doing for five and a half hours . . . ?"
"Henry, can you please come over right away?"
"Baby doll, I'm not even dressed. What's the matter?"
"But Henry, you've got to come over . . ."
"Pull yourself together, honey. Where's he at now?"
"Lying down."
(Continued on page 28)

... Then he bet me
he could get a wrestling
hold on me that I
couldn't break — I
certainly did ... after
a while ...



... He asked me to bring him a drink
and I slipped and almost fell ...
... got my dress all wet



How to Make a GIRL say YES

Continued



... I went and put my nightie on
... I figured Alex would take
the hint and go home ...

"Lying down?" In the bedroom?"

"No. I'm using the phone in the bedroom. He's out in the front room on the couch."

"Is he sleeping?"

"No. I only wish he would, though."

"Look, Esther, why in the hell don't you just tell him to go home?"

"Tell him to ... Henry, I'll swear, I got down on my hands and knees! But he just won't go. He won't even put his clothes on!"

"Clothes? He's not even wearing any clothes?"

"Of course he's wearing *some* clothes, Henry. But it's not nice for him to be sitting around in just ..."

"Esther!"

"What, baby?"

"Do you love me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Would you do anything for me?"

"Anything!"

"Then stop running off at the jib and tell me what this guy's doing over there. You know it costs me over three bucks to take a cab over to your place on the East side. Besides it's past three-thirty in the morning. Unless it is an absolute emergency, I'm not shagging my duff over there. I'm tired."

"I can't think straight, Henry."

"Aw, right, take it easy. Let's start from the beginning. You say he got there at ten?"

"Yes."

"And you thought I'd sent him?"

"How else would he know where I live?"

"Well, no ... but I thought ..."

"Did he say that I sent him?"

"Did I tell you that I'd be over tonight?"

"Honey, I never know what you're gonna do. That's why I sit in this dumpy pad waiting for you."

"You maybe don't like the way I treat you?"

"Now, Henry, I didn't say that. I'm just trying to explain how he got in."

"Aw right. So what happened after he did get in?"

"We had a few drinks."

"You mean that you gave that slob some of my good whiskey?"

"No. He brought a bottle with him."

"Esther?"

"What?"

"How in the hell many drinks have you had since he's been there?"

"I don't know."

"Quite a few, eh?"

"Henry, if you're trying to find out if I'm drunk, the answer is NO. I don't exactly feel right, but it's not because I'm drunk."

"All right, all right. Go on. He had a bottle and you had some drinks."

"Well, we just sat there talking and drinking for awhile. Then he started looking at me funny, and I didn't like the way he was talking."

"What do you mean?"

"Aw, you know Henry, when you get that look. His eyes got all glassy looking, and they kept ..."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"I don't mean how he was looking at you. I can figure that one out. What do you mean, the way he was talking?"

"Well, he was asking me a lot of stupid questions."

"Like what?"

"Like did I think two people had to get married before they could have a little fun together. I told him that I didn't even think about things like that."

"Okay. What else?"

"I don't know. Just a lot of stupid things like that."

"Listen, baby, couldn't you realize what the guy was up to?"

"Henry, why don't you just come over? I'll pay the cab fare, honey ..."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"Do you remember the last time you made me mad?"

"Yes."

"Did you like it?"

"No."

"Then stop asking me to come over to your place and tell me what happened."

"Well, after he started talking like that, I told him that he'd better leave."

"Yeah. What'd he do after you told him to go?"

He only laughed and said hell, it was still early and why didn't we have a couple of more drinks."

"So you let him stay?"

"Henry, you stop saying that I let him do things. You don't know him. He just makes up his mind to do something then does it."

"Oh, yeah? Well, what did he make up his mind to do next?"

"Take a bath."

"Take a bath? In your tub?"

"Yes."

"Listen, hold the line a bit, I've gotta get myself a drink."

"But, Henry, I don't know how long he'll stay out of . . ."

"Shut up will you, and hold the line."

"But, Henry . . ."

" . . ."

"But what if he comes in here? Please hurry . . ."

"Esther!"

"Listen, if you're awake and everything now, why don't you just come . . ."

"Never mind! Tell me about the bath he took. Did he get in the tub?"

"Yes."

"Sweet Jesus . . .! You let him take his clothes off in your apartment?"

"Let him? I didn't let him. He just . . ."

"Yeah, I know, I know. He just made up his mind to take a bath, so he took a bath. Right?"

Well, honey, that's what he done."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"How long have we've been going out together?"

"Four years, two months and sixteen days . . . no, it's seventeen days because it's after midnight. I met you . . ."

"Shut up! During all that time have I ever, have I ever even once, even once said anything, a single word, to you about the intelligence you had? Have I ever said that you were a dumb broad or anything like that?"

"No."

"All right. And I never will, baby. You've got your faults and I've got mine, right?"

"Henry, I never exactly said that you had any faults, did I?"

"Esther!"

"What?"

"When Alex said that he wanted to take a bath, what did you say?"

"I asked him why?"

"And?"

"Well, he said that he was all sweaty from where we were wrestling."

"Blankety-blank damn!"

"Henry . . .?"

"Esther, why, may I ask, were you wrestling with Alex?"

"Well . . . Listen, Henry, I guess I didn't explain everything about what happened after I told him to go home."

"Oh? You didn't?"

"I thought that maybe you wouldn't understand."

"Understand about what?"

"About me showing him my undies."

"Undies? Just what in the hell do you mean? Your underwear?"

"Yes."

"The ones in your bedroom dresser? In the drawer?"

"No."

"Some you had hanging up in the bathroom, maybe?"

"N-no."

"Look, baby, are you trying to tell me that you had an idea of why Alex was there and still you went and showed him the underwear you were wearing?"

"Oh, Henry, I just knew you wouldn't understand."

"Esther."

"What?"

"If I hang up the phone now and go back to bed, would you promise not to call me back?"

"No."

"O.K. I'll try and understand. Tell me."

"About the undies?"

"Yes."

"Well, Alex said he'd go home if I made a bet with him first."

"So he bet you what the color of your underwear was?"

"Henry, how on earth did you know that?"

"And you won the bet?"

"Why, certainly! Who ever heard of red, green and white striped underwear? He's a real kook."

"Yeah, I know. A real doozy of a dumb one he is. But when you explained to him that he was wrong, why wouldn't he believe you?"

"Well, he just wouldn't."

"So then you took your dress off?"

"Henry!"

"All right! Well, what'd he do, peek under it?"

"No. I just sort of pulled it down from the top a little, and pulled it up from the bottom. That's all. Anyway, Henry, you know it's practically the same thing as a bathing suit."

"Okay. So what about the wrestling?"

"He said he wouldn't stir to go home until I gave him a chance to win his money back."

"Yeah? So what you do, take him on for a fifteen round go? Winner take all?"

"Now, Henry, I don't think that's funny one bit."

"The wrestling, Baby. Tell me all about the wrestling."

"Well, he only bet me that he could take hold of me and that I couldn't get loose."

"Which you sure in hell didn't, I suppose."

"Certainly, I did. After a while."

"And that's when he got himself all sweaty?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do while he was taking a bath?"

"I took my dress off."

"Took your dress . . . Why? Were you all sweaty, too?"

"No."

"Because maybe it got ripped or torn, or something?"

"No."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"If I promise that I'll try to understand, will you please tell me why you stripped your dress off?"

"Yes."

"Okay, already! I'll promise, I'll promise. Why did you take your dress off?"

"Because it got wet in the tub."

"In the tub? You mean the bathtub?"

"Yes."


"The same one Alex was using?"

"Yes."

"Just where was Alex when (Continued on page 54)



DEEP FREEZE



Gilman hated me as much as
I loved his daughter. I hated him
because he was a lousy boss who
used his millions like a
sledgehammer. When we cracked up
in the Arctic, it was me against
him in a freezing battle to survive.

By K. R. Edson

BOISTEROUS GUSTS from the approaching December squall buffeted the Centaur, a sleek, custom-built jet, braked and chocked near the Burbank Airport entrance gate. Pilot Tex Shanley had the nose wheel jacked up and was wrestling with a tire.

"Hi, Handsome!" somebody shouted from the waiting room door. "Mr. Gilman wants to know how much longer he's got to wait!"

Tex straightened up, burnt orange brows frowning on his weathered, rugged face. He shrugged and thumbed back his flight cap to scratch his wavy, coppery hair. "Just a few moments, Otis," he called. "This casing is badly cut. Can't take chances. They're bringing a new one from the hangar."

"Okay, but it's nearly seven o'clock, and he's behind schedule. You know what that means," Otis said.

"Yeah, I know," Tex said under his breath. His brown eyes narrowed at Otis Gray, his employer's executive secretary. Otis was a sincere and dutiful little mouse. The best thing he did was to run errands.

It was almost a half hour before the new tire was in place and the job finished. Tex thanked the helping field attendant and loped over to the waiting room. "A broken pop bottle cut the tire," he reported to his boss, wiping his hands on a rag. "Changed and ready to roll."

"You're sure this time?" Kent Gilman asked, resonant voice caustic. "It is regrettable that you can't see broken glass. Why hasn't the Centaur been equipped with puncture proof steel mesh castings? Take care of it so this doesn't happen again. Everything else checked?"

"Yes, sir."

Kent O. Gilman — called "K.O." by executive associates — got up and adjusted horn-rimmed glasses. He considered his pilot with eyes the color of glacial ice. He was average in height and build, with austerity riding his square-jawed face. A former oil wild-catter, he was now a power in electronics, with acquired culture and wealth — many millions worth. Beneath the thick black hair, frosted at the temples and topped by the pearl grey Homburg, was a mind as quick and sharp as a rapier.

Cold, early morning rain was starting to shotgun the blacktop runway as they leaned into the wind and hurried out. Tex opened the cabin door, his custom tailored employer climbed in and Tex followed after. He snuggled and locked the panel against the gusts and hurried forward.

He was settling in his bucket seat when he heard someone call, "Oh Tex! Wait a second!" He didn't have to be told who owned that voice in a million. It was lyrical. It was beautiful.

Marcia Gilman, mink coated and titian hair becomingly rumpled by the wind, ran around the Centaur's funneled nose. She was small and fine featured, with violet eyes widely set. She always made Tex think of a thoroughbred, graceful and light and active, filled with the love of living.

Tex opened a cockpit window (Continued on page 69)

GOULISH DR. CREAM

By day, Neill Cream, M.D.,
was a respected doctor.

By night, his eyes
crossed and he became
a merciless fiend
who roamed the streets
seeking scarlet
women to murder.

By Alan Hynd

IT SEEMS FITTING that Doctor Thomas Neill Cream and Robert Lewis Stevenson were both Scotchmen born in the same year. Doctor Cream was a man with a dual personality—a dedicated physician by day, a killer by night. Doctor Jekyll, Stevenson's most notable character creation, was the same kind of a man—a doctor and a murderer. Through the decades, some students of murder and literature have believed that Doctor Cream, going mad in his final year, set out in life to emulate Doctor Jekyll's evil half, Mr. Hyde.

Neill Cream was born in Glasgow in 1850, less than fifty miles to the East of Stevenson's birthplace of Edinburgh. His father was a wealthy shipbuilder.

Neill was short and broad, with a squarish face and an oversized head. He looked at the world with strange owl eyes from behind gold-rimmed glasses. Whenever he became angry, his eyes crossed.

Cream began the study of medicine at McGill University in Montreal, but he had a strong religious streak. He conducted a mid-week prayer meeting and a large Sunday School class. At McGill, he distinguished himself by essays on the effects of drugs, particularly poisons, on the human system.

But Cream, at twenty-four, and in his final year at McGill, had never been intimate with a girl. A pretty brunette, half a head taller than Neill changed all that.

Then one day when Neill Cream went to her apartment she had some news for him.

"Neill, I'm going to have a baby," she told him as soon as he settled himself in a chair.

"Are you certain?" young Cream asked anxiously. "Have you been to see a doctor?"

"Yes, Neill. And he told me definitely. There's no mistake." She put her arms around the young medical student's neck. "You will have to marry me."

"Marry?" Cream was stunned. He had never intended to marry this pretty, but wanton creature.

"Of course, Neill. This is your baby—no one else's. You don't want me to go onto the streets to support your child do you?"

"No." Neill Cream's middle class upbringing left him no choice. He decided to marry his brunette mistress as soon as possible.

A few days after the wedding, his bride, who had proved herself more than Cream could handle, became very drunk.

The honeymooning couple had been dining in a tavern, not far from the campus. But Mrs. Cream had decided to drink her dinner.

"You're a fool, Neill," the lovely girl told him nastily when she was well in her cups.

The young man, hardly able to contain his embarrassment said angrily, "Shut-up. I don't have to take this. The only reason I married you was your condition."

"I know—that's why you're such a fool, I'm not pregnant."

Almost uncomprehendingly, Cream sat there staring at her. "I thought you had gone to see a doctor," he replied, his voice barely audible.

She laughed at him. "I lied. I have never gone to



GOULISH DR. CREAM...

the doctor. I made the whole story up, just so you'd marry me. I know you're going to inherit money when your father dies. That's why I wanted to marry you."

His eyes crossing badly, Neill got up out of the chair, pushed the table back violently and walked out of the tavern. He never looked back at the heartless woman he had married.

That night he deserted his scheming bride and lit out for his native Scotland. There, at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Edinburgh, Cream studied surgery.

It was while studying at the Royal College that Neill's eye trouble intensified, the orbs sometimes remaining crossed for a day or two. Fellow student's noticed that Cream's eyes were always crossed when he returned from a day or two down in London. They began to ascribe the difficulty to sex after a fellow student, down in London at the same time as Neill, saw him picking up a streetwalker.

Cream, twenty-six by the time he had completed his studies in Edinburgh, received news from Canada. His wife had been killed in an accident. So Doctor Cream returned to Canada and hung out his shingle in Toronto.

Quickly accepted by fellow surgeons in Toronto, Doctor Cream wasn't long in turning them against him. Although he was a very skillful young surgeon when his mind was on his work, it wasn't always on his work. At night, when he had been hitting the high spots with a low woman, his eyes crossed. Next morning they were usually still crossed. Fellow surgeons doubted that Doctor Cream could clearly see what he was doing in the operating room when his eyes were crossed.

It wasn't long, then, before stories of Cream's crossed eyes, and the reason for the condition, got around. His

surgical work thus dropped off to practically none at all. Such a situation presented a grave problem to Cream. He simply had to make enough money by day to pay for the kind of life he was leading after dark. So, charging whatever the traffic would bear, he began to specialize in abortions, performed in his office.

Abortion work was all right for an unprincipled sawbones if he didn't get caught at it. One day a woman died on the operating table in Cream's office. Cream didn't do anything about that except leave the dead woman on the table, pack up and leave Toronto like a thief in the night.

Doctor Cream, age thirty, arrived in Chicago laden with spurious credentials covering up his practice in Toronto and placing his recent past in London. It was a trick but it worked.

It was immediately after opening up as a general practitioner in Chicago that young Doctor Cream discovered quite by accident that he had a strange power in those strange eyes of his. It came about this way:

One day a man came into Cream's office with his six-year-old daughter, who suffered from epileptic fits. Cream took the child on his lap and began to ask her questions about the fits.

"You're going to be all right, dear," Cream said after about ten minutes. As he spoke, he focused those eyes of his on the little girl's eyes.

She sat there for a minute, transfixed. Then, turning to her father, she said: "Gee, Daddy, I feel good all over."

"What do you mean?" the father asked.

"I'm all tingly."

On subsequent visits, Cream took the child on his lap, talked soothingly to her in a low, musical voice, and focused those orbs on her. It was the same each time—the child said she felt "all tingly." Cream kept assuring her she was going to be all right. And, sure enough, she did get well. The epileptic spells decreased in fre-



quency and intensity. Finally, they were gone altogether.

What Cream was using was what today is recognized as hypnotic suggestion. He began to focus those eyes of his on patients of both sexes and all ages suffering from assorted ailments. The results he achieved—perhaps one cure or improvement in every ten cases—achieved considerable publicity throughout Chicago.

One day two representatives of The American Medical Association, on the lookout for quacks, dropped in on Cream.

"We'd like to watch you work," one of them said.

"Gladly," said Cream, probably tickled that the A.M.A. men hadn't found out about that abortion business in Toronto.

The A.M.A. men were in and out of Cream's office for several months, watching his work with those eyes of his. At the end of that time, one of them reported back to headquarters: "I simply can't explain it."

The second doctor reported: "I see it but I don't believe it."

Believing it or not, the A.M.A. couldn't find Cream guilty of any quackery.

Then one day a dreary-looking man in his fifties and his beautiful, naturally-blond wife appeared in the waiting room. There were several patients ahead of the couple but Cream waved them in first. Daniel and Mabel Scott were from Garden Prairie, a small community west of Chicago. Scott, a telegrapher for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, suffered from spasms—a condition that was jeopardizing his work at the telegraph key.

Cream was one day to confess that while he was listening to Scott give the details of his ailment that he was looking at the man's wife. The more he looked at the face, figure and legs of the lady, the more he forgot about his work. Suddenly, his eyes crossed.

In the weeks that followed, Doctor Cream and Mabel Scott became involved in an illicit love affair. This caused Cream's eyes to become crossed much of the time—a condition that robbed him of his hypnotic power. Meantime, the telegrapher's spasms were growing worse instead of better.

Although Neill Cream had vowed that he would never have anything more to do with holy matrimony after his first experience with it, he decided that he had to have Mabel Scott as his wife. "I have an idea," he said to Mabel one night while her husband was at the telegraph key. "I'll poison your husband and then we can get married."

"Oh, Neill darling!" said Mabel Scott, an authentic bitch. "You have made me so happy!"

So, with Mabel Scott's assistance, Doctor Cream began to slip strychnine into some medicine he was feeding to Daniel Scott. When Scott, unsuspecting, kicked off, Cream, as the attending physician, ascribed death to heart failure. That would have been all there was to it except for the neighbors of the Scotts. They had seen Doctor Cream checking into the Scott home early in the evening, just after Scott had gone off to work, and not leaving until next morning, shortly before Scott returned home.

One day, about a month after Scott had been buried, Mabel Scott told a neighbor that she was going to get married again.

"Who to?" asked the neighbor. "That funny little doctor with the crossed eyes?"

The remark offended Mabel Scott and she got into a violent quarrel with the neighbor. Angered and suspicious, the neighbor went to the police.

"I think," the neighbor said to the police, "that Doctor Cream and Mabel Scott murdered her husband."

Looking into Doctor Cream, the police discovered that he had come to Chicago sailing under false colors. Then, when they found out about that abortion death in Toronto, they were suspicious enough to dig up Daniel Scott's body. When analysis of the stomach revealed that Scott had died of strychnine poisoning. Cream and Mabel Scott were indicted for murder.

Before the trial for murder, Doctor Cream found himself betrayed for the second time by a woman. Mrs. Scott made a deal with the law: she would, in return for her own freedom, testify against her lover. So Mabel Scott went scot-free while Cream was sentenced to life in Joliet.

Doctor Cream made a valuable man of himself in Joliet in ministering to the prisoners. As time passed, he attracted the attention of the Governor of the State and in 1881, after doing ten years of the life jolt, Neill Cream was pardoned.

While he was in prison, Cream's father died and left him an inheritance. So Cream picked up the money and lit out for London.

Doctor Cream set up a practice on the edge of Whitechapel—a forbidding domain of mean and evil people. His office was in a little building occupied by three other doctors. He himself took up residence in a little middle-class boarding house not far distant.

It had been five years now since Robert Louis Stevenson had written *Doctor Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*. It had been but three years since Jack The Ripper had roamed Whitechapel, murdering prostitutes and once, just for the horror of it, mailing a human kidney to Scotland Yard. Cream, having been in prison when all this happened, quickly caught up on it all. From what happened in the next year, it would seem that Doctor Cream, loathing women as he did, decided to become something of a flesh-and-blood combination of the Ripper and Jekyll-Hyde.

Doctor Cream, really going mad along about now, began to ask his patients what they thought of Stevenson's creation of Jekyll-Hyde. "He was really quite a character, wasn't he?" Cream would say about the man he was now emulating.

"Yes," one patient replied, "but there could never be anybody like that in real life."

"You don't think so?"

"Absolutely not."

"Why?" Cream asked.

"It's just not possible."

Doctor Cream's eyes suddenly crossed and he broke out into a fit of laughing at his patient.

There was an organ in the boarding house where Doctor Cream lived. Cream often dropped down from his room on the third floor to the parlor and played some old church hymns. An aloof man, the doctor seldom spoke to any of the other boarders, even at the table. Through with a session at the organ, he'd slip back to his room without a word of acknowledgment at the praise bestowed on him for his playing.

Some nights—the nights the doctor wasn't to play the organ—he appeared at the supper table dressed in white tie and tails. The meal over, he would rush back to his room, then be seen slipping out of the house, as if trying to avoid being noticed, in opera cape, topper and stick—a real dandy.

One night in early October, 1891, Doctor Cream was standing under a street lamp in Whitechapel as the mists rolled in from The Thames. He was sizing up the footpads, brigands and prostitutes as they picked their way through the gloom. Presently, a street walker named Matilda Clover, out (Continued on page 60)



Beauty out of the blue

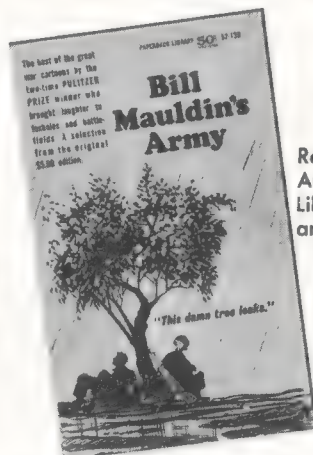
Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And warmth of heart her every look convey'd.

George Crabbe





Mauldin's two sojers Willie and Joe are back again! Here are some of the best army gags ever created by the two-time Pulitzer prize winner.



Reprinted from "Bill Mauldin's Army," copyright by Paperback Library. Available at book stores and newsstands at 50c per copy.

"Th' socks ain't dry yet, but we kin take in th' cigarettes."

The Best of Bill





"Sergeant, go requisition that fire."



"I'm depending on you old men to be a steady influence for the replacements."

Mauldin's Army



Somewhere in Italy

Dear, dear Miss Mitchell,
You will probably think this is an
awful funny letter to get from a soldier,
but I was carrying your big book, "Gone
with the Wind," under my shirt, and a



"Who started th' rumor I wuz playing poker wid a
beautiful nurse?"

WAR IS HELL-



WOMAN IS



HEAVEN

Just as the Kid bit into a chocolate, a bullet hit Draben in the chest. The Kid choked, his mind racing, "When is it my turn to die?"

By Warren Winden

THERE WAS A HEATED ARGUMENT about the date so they checked to make sure. Sunday, March 18th, 1945. When there's so much going on that you're too busy to change socks or underwear for a couple of weeks, calendars and dates don't mean much. But conscious of it or not, time is time; they were all aware the enemy had had 30 days and nights to zero in and lay mines on the hill, around it, and in the small French town just beyond.

"Let's move it out," the short and stocky Sergeant Grabner said, making it sound noncommittal. "And keep your big feet in the vehicle tracks."

The, slightly-built Draben dragged himself off the ground and smiled at everyone but at the Kid in particular. "I just got it!" he said. "I just sure as hell did—a million bucks we'll make!"

The Kid prompted him on with a tired smile.

"Sure," Draben continued, looking up into the Kid's expectant face. "We'll sell roller skates to every other combat man—enlisted men only, y' understand."

"Hunh? To every other combat man?"

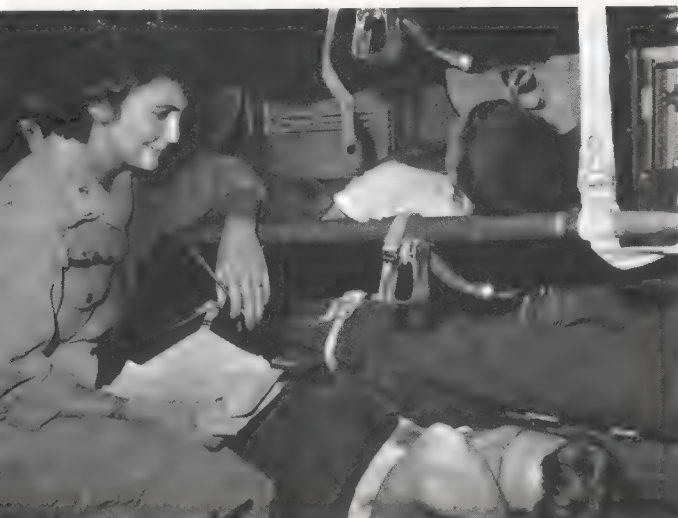
"Yeah. It's a natural. One pushes and one rests and rides—"

The Kid managed a laugh, but the dull clank of militant livery brought them all back to the job at hand.

The company captain and lieutenant were already at the foot of the hill standing behind two medium tanks conferring with one of the forward observers. The group, 3 companies of foot soldiers, moved out to join them with the Kid's company in the point.

The hill appeared to be a long way off as they walked out of the young, cultivated forest in which they'd huddled the night. That

WAR IS HELL . . .



The Kid came to in a field hospital. In his morphine delirium he began to wonder, "What's this war all about?"

was fine with all of them. It would prolong the starting of what they were there to start. A couple of wishful-think miles on a beautiful French morning. But it was like a half-mile and, as far as they all knew, D and E Companies had been completely wiped out trying to take the hill and the town beyond the night before. And they were going to do whatever they had to do without artillery support.

Except for the distant clatter of machine guns and burp guns and an occasional *foom* from their rear, it was a single file Sunday walk to church. A quiet half-mile stroll north down a tree-lined French highway. It is said the jungle quiets when danger is near—well, so-called civilized countryside does, too.

"Hey, Grabner!" a nameless voice called out. "Slow it t' hell down, will y'?"

Who could say? Between the first step and the hill the war might come to an end. But the pace remained the same. A reluctant half-mile of Northern France. Pastel French countryside. Soft, golf-course pasture with a couple of dead cows left and right in between the sand-trap like shell holes. Alongside the road a tree to hide behind every sixty or so feet and a handy ditch to the left and all leading up to an innocent-looking hill. They all had the same thought as they moved along. They all wanted the walk to take as long as possible.

Inside and out they all had a sameness. Green patch-pocket combat jackets, fire-blackened helmets with straps hanging loose, O.D. pants tucked into the new combat boots, and not a stripe or bar showing anywhere in the lot to draw fire. A dirty-faced tired sameness. All weary and weighted down with bandoleers of ammunition, black-bottom pots and pans, and firepower. But there was nothing sleepy about their footsteps. They were aware steps, half pointed toward the ditch on the left. Like a cat with half-closed eyes.

The Kid was carrying a Browning Automatic Rifle; he looked big, strong and reliable, the man had said. What the man meant was, the Kid was young and strong but not yet hep to the extra weight and responsibility involved.

The Kid looked and sounded like the tall product off a

Midwestern farm and in January, two months before, when he'd joined the outfit in Southern France, his cheeks gave you the idea maybe he had about a pint too much blood in him.

The whole battalion had been pulled off the line for a rest just after he'd joined it. On a one day pass to nearby Nancy, a few of the men in his squad had tried to talk him into joining them in a trip to one of those out-of-bounds places which features ladies and he had begged off—wanted to look at buildings, he said.

But now his big brown eyes didn't look quite as innocent. And nobdy that saw it will ever forget the look on his face the first time he caught sight of the starving mothers and daughters of France shoving one another while digging for food with their bare hands in the American Army's chow line garbage cans.

And he had changed in other ways.

The Kid didn't figure for any trouble until they started over the top of the hill. To calm his churning stomach, he pulled out a bar of concentrated ration chocolate—again betting his molars were still harder than the chocolate. A thirty day supply this ingenious piece of nutritional technology was—it took that long to eat it. His teeth had just snapped into the chocolate when he heard it hit Draben. A small caliber bullet doesn't make much of a sound when it smacks into a man's chest and Draben dropped to the blacktop silently and like a stone. Stray bullet or sniper they had just lost the company comic. And they kept walking right on by the fallen Draben just as if nothing had happened. Let the medics take care of Draben. It was the first thing you learned. The objective is the thing. Objective. A war is not fought for blood or about blood. Just with blood. It was the rule. Keep going. It was a surprisingly easy rule to get used to.

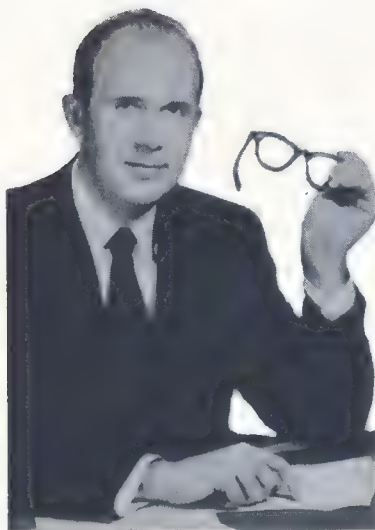
What kind of a road had they all come down? The Kid, for instance, who six months previously would've weeped at a strange funeral now looked on death with little or no emotion—how would any of them get back to sensitivity?

The Kid had to chuckle at the memory of Draben. When things got sticky, Draben would make a naughty-little-boy-behind-the-bathroom-door motion with his hand and sing, "*Somebody stole my gal . . .*"

There was a guy they'd all miss. If he was still breathing he'd have it made. A chest wound was a million dollar wound. He'd go back. If Jerry must've been sniping for noncoms, the Kid thought to himself. Lucky for Grabner he'd dropped back to talk to somebody and the skinny Draben had for the crucial few minutes been heading up the column. The stocky, cat-like Grabner was a lucky guy. Top Sergeant and with the Third Division all the way through Africa, Italy, and Southern France. He was one of the very few who had come all the way. Lucky. Maybe it was the moustache that ran the distance of Grabner's upper lip. He managed to keep it just-so trimmed as if ready for the big parade. No one had ever seen him in the act of trimming it, but it was always exact to the last black hair. Lucky. But Grabner wasn't the kind of guy you hang a nickname on and he was living like a baseball pitcher in the ninth inning of a no-hit game.

The Kid broke the rule. He sneaked a backward glance at Draben and the medic who was now bent over him.

It now seemed imperative to the Kid he get something down to meet his rising stomach. But he hadn't got his teeth on the chocolate again when he heard it. The German 88 mm needs no explaining to anyone who ever heard a heavy, greased zipper in action. The 88 has a quick and effective sound—nearly as swift as a rifle bullet. When an 88 hit, it had (Continued on page 76)



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

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Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

80,000 Streetwalkers

Continued from page 15

these lower-class prostitutes can afford the frequent change of clothing or the startling and sometimes exotic garb necessary to attract clients, a clothing business sprang up in 1955. It is run by one Henri, known as Henriette to the trade. He has been responsible for much of the color and fantasy found in the Rue St. Denis.

The quarter of La Bastille is a step above, and is frequented by prostitutes because of the nearby fun fair that goes on most of the year. The dance halls of the adjacent Rue de Lappe also encourages business. Both of these spots are well known recruiting grounds, haunted by *souteneurs* in search of new material.

In Montparnasse and Montmartre Halles or among the Algerians of Boulevard de la Chapelle, a special situation reigned for a long time. The police themselves brought about an extra-legal reconstruction of the old "house" system by forbidding girls to walk the streets, and ordering them to work inside the hotels. This was justified by the necessity of controlling 20,000 lonely men, who had left their families back in Algeria and can be seen pouring in from the suburbs on Sundays, looking for company.

In Montparnasse and Montmartre the girls wait for customers, coming

out of the bars and night clubs. Here fees begin to go up, as does the general level of attractiveness and dress.

The genuine upper stratum of street walkers, however, is restricted to the quarter of the Madeleine and the Champs Elysees. Prices for a *passé* run from 50 New Francs up, and the girls are often as well dressed as models of *la haute couture*. A canny Englishwoman of my acquaintance always takes a little walk around the quarter before she does any shopping in Paris. She claims that the girls of the Madeleine have a great sense of *chic*, and that one can tell what will be in fashion by observing them. Many display the poise and polish of a *femme du monde*, and few people realize that most of these beauties started their career in the lower depths of Les Halles or among the Algerians of the Boulevard de la Chapelle. They were able to rise only through sheer toughness and determination. The way up, I might add, often proceeds through the dentist's office, for a clever prostitute is as careful of her smile as a movie star.

A word about the men. While the *milieu* and its laws remain ostensibly unchanged, recent political events have left their mark. Today, North Africans, particularly Algerians, have except in the Pigalle bars, and on the

top level, replaced the Corsicans as pimps. Whatever their origin, though, the pimps still empty the girls' pockets. In the better districts, the girls pay a pre-arranged daily "tax" of 200 to 300 New Francs, (5 francs equals one dollar) generally decided upon by a "committee of experts." In the poorer section the men hang around the bars, keeping their women under constant supervision, often dropping in to collect after each client has left. It is the accepted law of the *milieu* that if a girl wants to leave her man she must pay him off in a lump sum, based on her earning capacity. If she changes protectors, it is the new *maquereau* who does the paying. A girl who refuses to pay an *amende*, is automatically dealt with, and she can only get away without paying if she is determined to leave the profession and go to the police.

Many of the girls have children whom they do not bring up. The youngsters are generally placed *en nourice* in the country. Few mothers give up their children for adoption. Prostitutes generally manage to pay for their offspring's keep and visit them regularly. Judge Sacotte comments on the fact that very few daughters of prostitutes follow in their mothers footsteps. On the contrary, these daughters generally get a good education and an excellent start in life. Abortions are also extremely rare in the *milieu*. They are frowned upon as being wrong. When a prostitute becomes pregnant, she continues to work as long as she can, and it is quite common to see a girl, several months gone, standing in the lineup of the Rue St. Denis.

Since the Fifth Republic police control and restrictions have been considerably tightened up. General Charles DeGaulle is more concerned with solving the Algerian question than any other problem, but rumor has it that his wife is a woman of decided views. In many instances the girls have been chased off certain streets, at least by day; some hotels have been closed down; and known *souteneurs* have been deprived of their driving licenses! The famous old bistro of the Square de Innocents has been repainted so that the monk and pig and all that they represent have disappeared — but the girls are still there.

The famous old Parisian brothels, like the Sphinx and the Coq d'Or have long since been shut down — but then this has been a symptom of changing styles and tastes rather than an effort at greater militancy. One police official told me: "It simply became offensive — letting the public in on what should go on behind closed doors. No one objected to our shutting down the brothels, because now, when a man seeks to indulge himself, there is no occasion for anyone to take offense. Everybody realized that."

Under the law all licensed prostitutes are supposed to make a tax declaration and pay income taxes



every year. Yet, in France, "income tax" is just about the naughtiest phrase one can say. For years, Frenchmen have treated this form of assessment cavalierly, and the government has shown no intention of cracking down on tax violators.

Thus prostitution — despite the

temporary inconveniences imposed on the girls — continues to prosper.

To take off on an old saying — Parisians believe firmly that 80,000 prostitutes can't be wrong. What's more, an increasing number of tourists to the City of Light are coming to the same conclusion. ●

Chaos in Laos

Continued from page 16

loose. I never felt more damned helpless in my life.

For several minutes while vainly trying to free myself I heard the swearing of the monkeys, the chirp and chatter of bird life and, somewhere in the distance, the calls of a barking deer.

Suddenly I became aware of other, more sinister sounds, soft brush-and-swish noises of movements in the bamboos. It wasn't a prowling leopard. Of that I was almost certain. I thought of bands of Pathet Lao lurking in the hills behind the main advance on Nam Tha and it was then that I really began to sweat. I wouldn't stand a chance. I was tied up neatly as a package waiting to be called for.

A girl emerged from the parting bamboos, followed by a half a dozen stocky breech-clouted natives with long stabbing spears. I identified them as Khalom hillmen.

The girl leading them wore the short, sarong-like *sinh* of a Laotian woman. I began to breathe a little easier. At least they were not Pathet Lao guerrillas.

Studying the girl more closely as she approached through the elephant grass I discovered that my first impression had been wrong. She certainly wasn't pure Laotian. She was red-haired, probably half French.

Occasionally, in Nam Tha and Luang Prabang, I'd seen girls of her exotic type. Light haired Eurasians. Since the days when Laos was a French protectorate a number of French colonizers had settled in the country. Many of them had married Laotian women. Daughters of such marriages are something to look at. And for foreign bachelors to write home about. Especially the few red-headed ones.

Mala Dubois was no exception. She was the most attractive Eurasian I had ever seen. She wore her yellow *sinh* like a challenge, tight and smooth on her seductive body from proudly moulded breasts to exquisitely curved thighs. Her bare legs were long and straight, her small feet in amrongs, thonged sandals. Her face was oval.

She came to a halt, regarding me coolly with eyes that were a cat-like golden green.

"Who are you, M'sieu?"

She spoke in French, a language not understood by the semi-circle of silent Khaloms behind her, judging

from the lack of expression on their flat, dark faces. Neither she, nor any one of them was raising a hand to cut the lines holding me.

"My name is Dave Colley," I answered. "I'm an American. If you'll be good enough to reach for the knife on my belt and cut the rope around my arms I can handle the rest."

A small smile came to her cherry-ripe lips. Almost as if what I had said amused her.

"Forgive me for asking you to curb your impatience, M'sieu. It is understandable. Nevertheless you will hang there a while longer until I decide whether to free you or execute you."

I stared at her incredulously, unable to believe my ears. The smile still hovered on her lips. But from the coldness in her eyes, I knew she was in deadly earnest.

"You can't mean that," I said, and tried to control my rising indignation. I wasn't in any position to display anger.

"I told you I am an American civilian. That my name is Colley. My U.S. passport is in the hip pocket of my chinos. It's easy enough to check."

She shook her head calmly.

"Much too easy, M'sieu Colley. Passports can be stolen and names are easy to change. Perhaps you are an American as you claim. But *pas que je sache!* I take no chances. If it develops that you are a Soviet officer sent here to help the Pathet Lao I shall use your own knife not to cut your bonds but your throat."

She meant it, I decided tautly, appraising her anew. There was more to her than a beautiful face and a seductive body. A hell of a lot more. It was then I had my first intimation of her unremitting hatred for all Communists.

I thought my papers in my wallet which might convince her I was what I claimed to be. A company voucher I hadn't yet cashed. A receipted bill from a Rangoon hotel.

A Laotian with a burp gun emerged from the bamboos at a trot. Short and wiry in army shirt and chinos he resembled a Royal Laotian Army sergeant but a closer range appeared somewhat older. About 40 I guessed.

He took something from his shirt that looked familiar. My log book. I knew he had found it in the wreck-



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age of the Auster.

He held a short, whispered conference with Mala Dubois, showed her the opened book and pointed behind him. With a nod she led the way, reaching for my knife.

"Nong Khu has established your identity to my satisfaction, M'sieu Colley," she said matter-of-factly and cut the lines holding me.

She made no effort to apologize, handing me my knife and log.

"Now you are free to go. *Bon chance!*"

"Wait a minute." I hadn't expected this abrupt dismissal in the middle of nowhere. "What about you? Where are you going?"

She exchanged a quick glance with Nong Khu before answering.

"We are going to set fire to the wreckage of your plane. There is a small band of Pathet Lao in the area. They are probably searching for both the plane and yourself."

There was no need for her to burn the plane, I assured her. I hadn't been carrying guns or anything else of possible use to the Pathet Lao when I made my hasty departure from Nam Tha. As for the Auster itself, after spinning from an altitude of 3,000 feet, there certainly would be nothing worth salvaging.

She nodded with an air of impatience.

"I am aware of what you tell me. I am also somewhat in a hurry and it is obvious that you do not understand, M'sieu. We intend to set fire to the plane to draw the Communist guerrillas to it."

"You mean to give us time to escape?"

I thought I had caught her meaning. From the look she gave me, even before she answered, I knew I had guessed wrong.

"On the contrary. To make certain that the guerrillas do not escape. It is an opportunity to trap them."

Might as well go with her, I reflected admiring her courage. At the moment it seemed to be the most practical thing to do. The five battalions of the Royal Laotian Army had retreated from Nam Tha and there wasn't the slightest hope of catching up with them. My other alternative, trying to hike approximately 300 miles through trackless hills and forests to the Burma border was even less appealing. Especially through guerrilla-infested country.

"I've a few scores to settle with the Communists myself," I said. "Suppose I join you. At least temporarily."

Her cat-like eyes studied my face. She shrugged her slim shoulders. She said coolly: "If that is your decision, M'sieu."

Nong Khu led the way back through the bamboo grove. I followed with Mala Dubois. Behind us came the Khalom tribesmen.

We hiked to the wreckage of the Auster less than a half mile away, a pile of junk lodged between two

metal-ripped palm trunks with pieces of fuselage and a wing strewn about on the scarred, reddish earth. I started forward. Instinctively.

"No!" Nong Khu's hand shot out, grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me back.

Releasing his grip, he pointed to my rubber-soled shoes.

"It will alert the guerrillas if they see the foot prints of your shoes in the earth. They will suspect a trap."

Deploying without a command, the Khaloms vanished into the surrounding dahan bushes. I took up my position beside the girl who stood calmly behind a clump of scrub palmetto. They all appeared to know exactly what to do as though they had staged ambushes together many times before.

Nong Khu advanced toward the plane, watchful of his foot prints. It took him a little while to get the wreckage on fire, but when he approached us the plane was burning fiercely, a column of brownish-black smoke billowing upward to stain the bright blue sky.

I drew my .38 automatic, examined it, shuttled a cartridge from full clip to chamber.

"Do not be impatient, M'sieu," Mala Dubois advised quietly. "Our wait may be a long one."

I glanced at her, standing there beside me. She looked soft and feminine in her yellow sinh. Without a weapon she seemed incongruously out of place considering the grim business at hand.

It was fully 20 minutes before they came. Nine Communist guerrillas of the Pathet Lao, drawn to the scene by my blazing plane. They were armed with rifles and wicked machete-like parangs whose naked blades flashed in the sunlight. Most of them wore odds and ends of jungle green North Viet Nam uniforms. A few of them were in T-shirts and dirty chinos.

They advanced noisily through the bush, without suspecting an ambush. Their leader was round-faced, almost Chinese in features.

Coming to a halt he grunted loudly, scanning the immediate area of the burning wreckage.

"*Farang dang mo?*" he demanded angrily. "Where is the sharp-nosed foreigner?"

I speak and understand enough Lao to know he was referring to me although I do not happen to be sharp-nosed.

It was evident that had not seen me take to my 'chute. They had the impression that since they did not see my corpse burning in the wreckage I must have made a miraculous escape. They began to move about as if to search the bush.

Nong Khu gave the girl a questioning glance. The nod of her head was almost imperceptible.

He cut loose eagerly, triggering his first burst with deadly effectiveness. Four of the guerrillas, caught in the sudden hail of burp gun bul-

lets went down before they could fire a shot. Taking careful aim, at 35 yards I put a slug through the head of the fifth.

Recovering swiftly from their surprise the other four began firing wildly in our direction. Bullets whined above our heads and thudded into the tree trunks behind us.

Nong Khu gave them another burst. Two more of them fell to the ground and lay still. The two survivors panicked then, and bolted for the cover of the dahan bushes.

Both Nong Khu and I held fire for fear of hitting the Khaloms. The two guerrillas had no idea that the hillmen were waiting in hiding until they reached the bushes. Then they literally impaled themselves on the long stabbing spears.

Rising to their feet, screaming "*Waeng! Waeng! — Kill! Kill!*" the Khaloms slaughtered them savagely. They continued jabbing their blood-dripping spears into the dead bodies.

I turned away, revolted by the spectacle. I glanced at Mala Dubois, expecting that she was having the same reaction.

The expression on her face surprised and shocked me. Instead of revulsion, she was watching with rapt absorption. Her lips were half-parted, her bosom, under the tightness of her sinh, heaving with her excited breathing. It was almost as though she were wielding one of the stabbing spears herself.

My God, I thought, she is actually enjoying this.

Nong Khu touched her on the arm, breaking the hypnotic spell. He pointed to the sprawling bodies of the guerrillas he had shot down with his first burst. Three of them lay motionless where they had fallen. The fourth, the one who had called me a sharp-nosed foreigner was not dead. Wounded in thigh and arm he was struggling painfully to a sitting position.

"Chai Phap, the leader," Nong Khu said and raised his burp gun to finish him off.

"No!" The girl's voice was sharp and brittle as glass as she pushed the muzzle of the burp gun upward.

She started towards the wounded Chai Phap and I did not guess her intention until she paused on the way to take a parang from the hand of one of the dead guerrillas.

I knew what she was up to then and watched in mounting horror. She still looked deceptively feminine — except for the razor-edged parang she carried.

Halting in front of Chai Phap she confronted him in cold silence and he raised his eyes, searching her face for mercy.

For a moment or two it was like a bizarre, sadistic tableau while she savored the mental torture of the helpless guerrilla. Then, tiring of it, she raised a small foot and planted it against his chest.

Slowly, smiling without mirth, she



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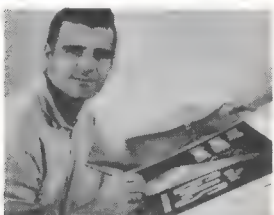
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bore down with her weight until he fell back to the earth with a groan.

Releasing her foot, she stepped to the side, raising the parang above her head. The blade flashed downward in a long arc as if she was chopping through a fallen log.

I heard the grisly chuk sound when the parang cut through Chai Phap's neck and buried its edge in the earth. The severed head rolled slowly from the body and I turned away with my stomach somewhere in my throat.

"I can see from your face that you do not approve, M'sieu Colley."

That's putting it mildly, I thought and I said stiffly:

"You could have taken him prisoner. There was no need to kill him."

She shrugged her shoulders. Her voice became hard.

"We do not take prisoners. They are an unnecessary burden. As for your disapproval, M'sieu, it is of no importance to me. You are free to go whenever and wherever you wish. I suggest you do it now."

She was a realist, laying it right on the line.

"And if I choose to stay?"

"You will obey my orders as faithfully as does Nong Khu. Though your country is not at war, you told me you have a personal score to settle with the Communists. So have I. Besides invading my country they murdered my father and mother who did them no harm. This is why I shall continue to fight and kill them."

There was no questioning her determination. Not after what I had just witnessed. Once again I told her I'd remain.

"Very well." The sternness had gone out of her voice and she seemed to be just a very attractive woman again. "Then come with us."

She gave an order. Without a backward look at the dead guerrillas she led the way through the woods, setting a fast pace among the trees and criss-crossing what I now saw was a faint trail.

Once she paused before crossing

the trail and pointed to a patch of muddy ground. A board with long, up-pointing nails had been placed in the middle of the trail, the wood planking only half-concealed.

"Careful, mon ami," she warned and led me around the board.

"I see it," I assured her and added: "The guerrillas would probably see it too."

She nodded with a smile.

"Of course. Should they come upon it they will remove the board so that the nails do not pierce the soles of their feet. When they do they will explode one of your American grenades which is tied beneath the board."

After that, I hiked on in uncritical silence. I had been taught a lesson in how Mala Dubois was fighting her war of vengeance against the Communists. I still had much to learn.

We crossed a narrow, deeply shadowed valley and started up another wooded hill topped by a limestone ridge. We walked for another half hour, skirting several more booby traps on the way.

The woods ended. At the base of the ridge beyond was a large natural pool fed by a stream which cascaded like a waterfall from the limestone crest more than a hundred feet above.

It looked cool and inviting. I commented about it to Mala and she nodded gravely.

"Often I stand beneath the falling water but I never swim in the pool. It is much too dangerous."

"Dangerous?" I eyed the mirrorlike blue-green water questioningly.

"The pool contains many nests of poisonous hongsa."

I had heard of the hongsa before, a denizen of the limestone pools in the hills of Laos. The fresh-water counterpart of the vicious moray eel, by an odd quirk of nature half the world away, it is thick as a man's wrist and attains a length exceeding six feet. It has a bite as lethal as the fangs of a king cobra. Like the moray, beneath a layer of blueish slime it may be marked in more than a hun-

dred variations in color and patterns of stripes, bars, spots and blotches. Frequenting limestone holes and crevices beneath the surface of the water, it is the deadly eel of the Laotian hinterland.

Skirting the pool, Mala guided me to the tall green dahan bushes growing against the base of the steep limestone wall. The bushes formed a screen of thick green foliage concealing the openings to several caves.

I reflected that nature could not have devised a more perfect hideout.

She took me into one of the caves, the one she called her 'home'. Anticipating no more than a crude camp, I met with surprise. The floor was covered with reed mats and the cave was simply but comfortably furnished. In addition it housed several large teakwood chests that had the appearance of valuable antiques.

"How did you manage all this?" I asked incredulously.

"It was my father's foresight. When the Pathet Lao began to invade this part of the country he decided the time had come to find a safe place for some of the things we valued. With Nong Khu, the overseer of our tea estate, he found these caves. Come, there is something else I would show you."

She led the way through a short passage cut through the limestone wall to another cave. It was dominated by a long table, rather roughly made of planks set upon sawhorses. Her slim hand made a sweeping motion.

"My workshop."

I scanned some of the material she had on the table. Fuses, detonators, a large pot of rubbed moulage.

I examined a box containing a dark, puttylike substance, and identified it as plastic explosive made by mixing Hexogen and TNT into rubber compound base. It was quite similar to the favorite weapon of the Secret Army Organization which had been causing terror in Paris and Algiers.

"Rather dangerous toys to play with," I commented.

It was the wrong thing to say. I realized it as soon as the words left my mouth. Her cat-like eyes flashed anger.

"I do not play at games, mon ami. This is not a sport with me to kill Communists. It is a war of vengeance. When the Germans occupied Paris my father was a leader of the *marquis*, the French underground. When the Communists came to Laos he taught me to fight them as he had fought the Nazis in Paris. But at first I did not fight the Pathet Lao. Not until they killed him and my mother."

Never had I seen such unrelenting hate in a woman. She wasn't forgetting nor forgiving. The killing of the nine guerrillas had apparently only whetted her appetite for more.

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "It's difficult for me to realize that such an attractive woman can be involved



in anything so deadly."

She gave me a smile of forgiveness and guided me to a third cave, the quarters of Nong Khu. I was to share them with him.

The Khaloms had vanished. When I asked Nong Khu where they had gone he explained that they lived in their own primitive village deep in the woods.

"They are our friends," he added. "When we have need of them we summon them thus."

He pointed to an empty artillery shell hanging suspended near the entrance to the cave. It made an effective alarm gong which could be heard for a considerable distance.

In the evening we sat down to a simple meal prepared by Nong Khu. Mala had changed her yellow sinh to one of vivid green. It seemed to be cut lower, revealing the tantalizing cleft between her superbly sculptured breasts. She also wore a fragrant-smelling frangipani blossom in her lustrous red-hair.

All this, I was quite certain, was for my benefit. I appreciated it, too. So much in fact that I paid little attention to the food I ate which consisted of the mainstay of the Lao peasant diet, a glutinous rice pressed into lumps and dipped in a fish sauce spiced with peppers.

Mala apologized for the food. Until the fall of Nam Tha, she explained, she had a secret supply line to the city. Now, until other arrangements could be made, we would live on the

staples stored in one of the caves.

That night lying on my rush matting and listening to the gentle snores of Nong Khu I remained awake for a long time thinking about Mala Dubois.

To say that she had captured my interest and imagination is to put it mildly. She was much too beautiful to be living here in a cave obsessed with a drive to keep on killing Communists.

I could understand her desire for vengeance. I could also understand that, woman though she was, she might kill to protect herself or shoot down an enemy ruthlessly in the emotional heat of battle. She was by no means the only one of her sex who did it, either in Laos or next door South Viet Nam where women were also fighting the invading Communists.

What made Mala so different from all the others, I reflected, was that she was less a fighter of Communists than a self-appointed executioner who cleverly trapped them and took sadistic pleasure in watching them die. Especially at her own hands.

The scene of that morning came back to me in all its horror. Her small foot against the chest of the wounded guerrilla leader, pressing him slowly, relentlessly to the ground. The deadly parang in her slender hand.

I repressed a shudder. Whichever way I looked at it, it was little short of cold-blooded murder.

I wondered where it would end. Was there some point at which she would finally become surfeited with killing or would she keep on until she fell into the hands of the Communists. One thing was certain. If they did capture the beautiful Eurasian they would make short work of her.

Eventually I fell asleep. And when I did I dreamed disturbingly about Mala Dubois.

For the next several days there was an almost bizarre unreality to the life I lived with the girl and Nong Khu in the wooded hills of northwest Laos. Partly grim, partly idyllic, it was always dangerous.

In addition to bands of guerrillas rather casually allied with the Pathet Lao, there were also the rebel Capt. Kong Le's army; reinforcements of Communist regulars making their way down through the hills from Yunnan province in China and from North Viet Nam. And both stragglers and deserters.

It was a thoroughly mixed-up situation and one in which, Nong Khu warned me, only the Khalom should not be regarded as actual enemies.

The greatest hate of Mala Dubois, I discovered, was directed against Col. Kham Xieng, the Pathet Lao commander whose troops had killed her parents.

"Some day I will find a way to bring Xieng to account," she assured me grimly. "Until then I will continue to be like a small gadfly stinging a

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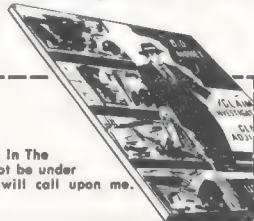
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very large bull."

There was no doubting the deadliness of her stings. In addition to the explosives and other equipment stored in her "workshop" she had a supply of U.S. grenades which she used with particular effectiveness in devising both her nail-studded board booby traps and in rigging to tree along the trails leading southwards from the Chinese and North Viet Nam frontier to Nam Tha.

She was an expert in making artificial flowers, especially imitations of the colorful orchids of the region. She built them around a center of plastic explosive, arming them with a striker attached to a thread stretched across a trail — ready to be tripped by unwary feet.

Stuck to trees her orchids were studies in exotic deadliness, I reflected, like the Eurasian herself.

I made myself useful, helping her and Nong Khu set traps in the surrounding hills. They both knew much more about the fine art of booby-trapping than I had learned either from my army manuals or in Korea.

Before Mala permitted me to accompany her, she devised a clever addition to my shoes.

"You have American feet, mon ami," she pointed out. "The sneakered foot of a Red Viet soldier is smaller. We must make sure that your footprints do not betray your presence in the area."

She attached false bottoms to the soles of my shoes. Perfect latex rubber prints of North Viet Nam issue sneakers. From then on my footprints became ingenious decoys. Imprinted in the earth or dirt where we rigged booby traps they deceptively implied to anyone who might approach a trap that the surrounding ground was safe.

I have no idea how many Communists Mala killed in her artful traps during the eleven months prior to my arrival. I didn't want to know. I saw for myself how effective they were when we came upon the bodies of two Viet soldiers, probably stragglers who had lost their way.

One of her pretty artificial orchids had done a thorough job on both of them. Hordes of savage little mrengi ants were swarming over what was left.

There was another side to Mala Dubois. Despite her preoccupation with killing Communists I discovered that she was still very much a woman.

Each succeeding evening she appeared at dinner wearing a sinh of a different color and a fresh frangipani blossom in her hair. When I mentioned that she appeared to be pretty well stocked with clothes considering that we were living in caves she smiled.

"I have French clothes other than native sinhs in a storage chest. Some day, perhaps when the Communists have been driven from the country I may wish to start a new life in

Luang Prabang. Or perhaps in the administrative capital of Vientiane where my father had many friends. Come, I will show you."

Taking me into her cave she opened one of the teakwood chests stored against a limestone wall.

Within them was a European wardrobe. I saw at a glance that it was indeed French, stylish and expensive. Her slim hands dipped into the contents revealing dresses, evening gowns, bikinis, negligees and lingerie, even filmy nylons and modish spike heel shoes.

"These were brought here for safe storage several days before our home was attacked," she said and then her voice took on a tone which was almost wistful.

"You see, mon ami, in a more appropriate setting I actually can look quite civilized."

"I am sure of it," I said, and added in all sincerity: "In what you're wearing right now you certainly look good to me."

The compliment pleased her. She didn't act coy about it either.

"I am glad, mon ami. I like you. I will show you something else." From the bottom of the chest she lifted a heavy object about a foot in length, wrapped in white silk. She removed the wrapping, exposing a solid gold Buddha.

"This is one of the reasons why Col. Xieng raided our home," she told me. "Aside from the fact that it is pure gold it is also very old. It was given to my father in Luang Prabang by his late majesty, Sisavang Vong, King of Laos, Lord of the Thousand Elephants, Protector of the Golden Buddha."

She said it almost reverently and I examined the Buddha with interest. It was, I felt certain, one of the ancient royal replicas of the original two and a half foot high Golden Buddha which has been in the palace of the kings of Laos at Luang Prabang for many centuries.

Almost every foreign visitor is familiar with the ancient legend associated with it. Laotians have always steadfastly believed that as long as their Golden Buddha remained undisturbed nothing and nobody could harm their little kingdom.

Down through the centuries some of this magic rubbed off upon the smaller gold Buddha replicas, perhaps half a dozen in number, which had been made by royal order. Aside from the value intrinsically and as antiques, they supposedly brought good luck and long life to their owners.

A question came to my mind while Mala was carefully re-wrapping and replacing the Buddha in the chest.

"You say that Xieng raided your home because he wants this Buddha. How did he know your family had it?"

"Col. Xieng was not always an officer of the Communist Pathet Lao. In 1956, when King Sisavang Vong

gave the Buddha to my father for service to Laos, Col. Xieng was in charge of the guard at the royal palace. He was present at the ceremony."

I nodded thoughtfully. There were many stories of widespread looting by officers of the Pathet Lao. This Xieng character apparently was one of them who turned to Communism as an opportunity to line his own pockets.

The moon was rising in silvery fullness. Nong Khu had retired to our quarters. Mala moved to the entrance of the cave, looking towards the distant hills. Slanting into the cave above the screen of dahan bushes the moonlight silhouetted her seductive figure.

It limned every graceful curve of her body. Gazing at her, I felt the blood pounding through my veins. The sight of her standing there would stir the emotions of a saint.

I hadn't admitted to myself before the real reason why I had chosen to remain with her in the hills instead of hiking towards the Burma frontier on the morning after my plane had crashed and the guerrillas had been ambushed. It was Mala Dubois.

I had tried to tell myself that she was a woman and needed protection from the Pathet Lao but I realized from the first day on that was only kidding myself. She had demonstrated very capably that she was more than able to take care of herself.

My real reason was much more elemental. I wanted her. Much more than any other woman I had ever known, and I've been around considerably.

Turning slowly, she scanned my face. She didn't have to be an experienced mind reader to tell what was going on right then inside my head.

"You do not wish to go to your quarters, mon ami."

It was a statement of fact, not a question.

"It is much too beautiful a night—and so are you."

Perhaps the words sounded corny but they came to my lips naturally and I meant them. She smiled in understanding. She was direct, without false modesty or feminine wiles. Her response was a frank invitation.

"Then make the most of both," she said as she moved towards me. "I, too, would like to have you stay."

I took her in my arms. Our lips met slowly and when we kissed, her body was pliant and yielding in my embrace. Her slim arms moved lightly upward, twining around my neck.

Suddenly her arms were very strong. She was clinging to me tightly and I felt the tremor of anticipation of her taut body as we stood there motionless in the moonlit silence. Then the long smouldering fires of our mutual desire flared into all-consuming flame and I lifted her up in my arms and carried her to a sleeping mat . . .

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It was the first of many nights I spent in Mala's cave. Unforgettable, ecstatic nights occupied in making love. She was a girl completely without inhibitions, her emotions fierce and primitive beneath a veneer of sophistication.

She was, in a way, superstitious. Being half Laotian, she shared the ancient belief in the protective power of the Golden Buddha. She took her own 12 inch solid gold replica from the bottom of the teakwood chest and, after busying herself with it in her workshop, placed it in plain view, like a household god upon one of the chests.

"It is for good luck," she explained with a smile, "for both of us."

"But it is very valuable," I pointed out. "What if some of the prowling guerrillas should discover the cave? Leaving it there in sight is an open invitation for them to take it."

She shook her head, still smiling. "It will not bring good luck to them if they so much as touch it. I have hollowed it out and filled it with explosives. You must not touch it either."

I assured her I had no such intention. I had seen the deadly effectiveness of her booby traps. Setting one right in her own cave, I reflected, was perhaps showing too much dedication to her work but I had no right to offer any objection. I would simply give the "good luck" Buddha a wide berth.

I had been hoping to add some food to our meals which would vary the staples in our supplies. Though there were two good rifles in the storage cave and small barking deer as well as other game in the surrounding woods, both Mala and Nong Khu had cautioned me against hunting.

They pointed out that the sound of a rifle shot was almost certain to attract the unwelcome attention of any guerrillas who might chance to hear it.

This wariness was understandable so, instead of hunting game I turned

to gigging frogs for there was a plentiful supply in the marshy area near the waterfall and pool.

Nong Khu gave me a few short pieces of steel he found among the other equipment. Using a peeled sapling for a pole I contrived a sharp-pointed trident gig with which I was able to provide an occasional meal of frog's legs.

Mala usually accompanied me on these little expeditions and while I gigged she enjoyed playing under the waterfall a short distance away. I didn't know whether she could swim or not for we never ventured into the pool because of the deadly hongsa eels. The waterfall was perfectly safe, however, and it attracted her as if she were a kid.

One afternoon while I was skirting the edge of the marsh with trident in hand, searching for frogs, I paused to watch Mala. Standing under the cascading stream in a veil of spray that was bright and iridescent in the sunlight, she presented a charming scene. Like a bewitching water nymph with flaming red hair, I thought to myself, as I waved to her.

She returned my wave laughingly and then, suddenly, we both heard two whip-like cracks of rifle fire, followed by another.

I looked about in quick alarm. A moment later I heard someone thrashing through the elephant grass and Nong Khu appeared in sight. He was staggering, the side of his leathery face covered with blood.

Catching sight of Mala he found his voice in a series of frantic gasps.

"Run!" he screamed. "Xieng and his men! They are approaching the caves!"

He stumbled forward a few steps, waving the girl back and his voice rose to a high-pitched shriek. Abruptly his knees gave way beneath him. He seemed to fold like a grotesque rag doll, then pitched downward on his face.

I was in my shorts, my clothes and .38 automatic on the firm ground several yards away. I acted quickly

and instinctively.

"Mala!" I shouted. "Hurry! This way!"

She understood but as she started towards me over the slippery rocks two men emerged from the elephant grass. They wore the jungle green uniforms of soldiers of the Pathet Lao and they had rifles in their hands.

They saw Mala first for I was already bending over, pulling my .38 from the shoulder holster on the ground.

I shouted then, loudly and in desperation as they raised their rifles, aiming at the running girl. I tried to divert their attention but with evil grins on their faces they seemed to be intent on gunning down the girl first.

One fired, and then the other and both were complete misses. The bullets whined over her head as she ran the deadly gauntlet towards me, now skirting the pool.

I squeezed the trigger of my automatic. The grin on the face of one of the soldiers turned to shocked surprise. He dropped his rifle, clutched at his belly and sank, writhing on the ground. My first slug had caught him squarely above the belt buckle.

The other one, rifle still raised glanced toward me and I triggered again. My first shot was fast and badly aimed. It was a miss. The second nicked his left shoulder. The third drilled through his head.

I heard Mala cry out. She had tripped on a limestone rock and was running too fast to be able to recover her balance. She plunged headlong into the pool. Her warnings about the poisonous hongsa eels flashed through my mind and I reacted swiftly. Grabbing the gig I dashed to the spit where she had fallen into the water.

I forgot the Pathet Lao. I didn't wait to find out whether there were any more of them in the elephant grass behind the two I had shot. Right now it did not matter. The all-important thing, my only concern was to get Mala out of that pool of horror as fast as possible.

She hadn't surfaced. I groaned inwardly. Either she couldn't swim, or her head had hit something in falling, knocking her unconscious. Gig in hand I dove into the water.

The girl wasn't hard to locate. Diving deeply I spotted her almost immediately. She was lying on the bottom near the rocky wall in about nine feet of water and I kicked my way towards her.

Something was emerging from a crevice in the limestone close to her body. Six feet of ugly, terrible deadliness, a hongsa eel began to twine investigatively about her limp form.

Don't move now, I said in silent prayer. I was sure the hongsa's curiosity would change to swift attack if she made the slightest movement.

The hongsa sensed my presence. With a swift turn of its head it reared back ready to strike. It stared



at me with beady, black little eyes the shape of pits. I could see its two formidable rows of teeth, inward curved and poisonous. The teeth were like hooks. Closing upon a victim they were capable of tearing out great chunks of flesh.

I aimed the gig quickly. It lacked the delicate balance of a fishing spear. I would have no second chance.

Now! With a lunge I thrust the gig home and the middle tine of pointed steel speared the hongsa, piercing it to the shaft just below the fearful head.

The pole was almost jerked out of my hands.

The writhing coils had awesome strength riding in frenzied madness around the trident.

I got Mala out of the pool then and wasted no time about it. Carrying her into the concealment of the tall elephant grass I let her down. For a minute or two she remained flat on her back with her eyes closed and I heard only the sound of her low and labored breathing. There was a nasty bruise on her forehead where she had hit a rock on falling into the pool but fortunately she had not swallowed much water afterwards.

She opened her eyes and tried to sit up.

"Not yet," I said gently.

"But the Pathet Lao — the ones that were shooting at me—"

She was still groggy.

"We're safe here, temporarily at least," I told her reassuringly. "Nong Khu is dead and so are the two that shot him. Evidently they were with a search party led by Col. Xieng and they followed Nong Khu here when he tried to warn us."

"I remember that part of it. But then the pool—"

"Never mind about that part."

The situation was bad enough without recounting the horror of the hongsa.

I decided to make a cautious reconnaissance and see if there were Pathet Lao in the immediate area. What we did next depended upon what I would find. If Col. Xieng had learned somehow about the caves and was searching for them they would be a safe refuge for us no longer. It would be best to leave the area entirely. Perhaps to persuade the girl to accompany me towards the Burma border.

I was explaining this to her when suddenly from the direction of the limestone caves, we heard the sound of a muted explosion.

We looked at each other significantly. No words were necessary. We both knew that Col. Xieng had found the golden Buddha.

"Stay here until I return," I said. "Try to rest. I'm going to have a look at the cave."

As an afterthought I handed her my .38 automatic. I stopped to pick up one of the rifles of the two dead Pathet Lao.

Stalking quietly through the scrub

I headed towards the screen of dahan bushes and crept through them. The entrance to Mala's cave had vanished. So had the one of her workshop adjoining it. Instead a great pile of limestone and rubble, blasted down from the ridge above, confronted me.

Col. Xieng and whatever men were in the cave with him when he touched the golden Buddha had been blasted to bits and no doubt whatever about it.

From the outward appearance of the devastation to both caves it is probable that the golden Buddha did not explode alone. Somehow a back-flare or perhaps a piece of flying debris shot through the short connecting corridor to the workshop, detonating the store of grenades and other explosives in a tremendous blast. Whatever it was, it did a complete job.

I scouted about a bit before returning to the girl. I did not see any of Xieng's men. I had no idea of how many had been inside the caves with him when the explosion occurred. Those lucky enough to have been outside — if there were any — had taken off into the woods.

I went back to Mala and told her what I had found. She listened to me in silence. I stretched on the grass beside her, aware of my own fatigue and weariness as the tenseness left my body.

"I'm going to take you to Burma with me," I said. "You've accomplished what you set out to do. Col. Xieng is dead. We'll chalk that up to avenging your parents. As for the others —"

I did not finish. This seductive looking young girl in her 11 months of personal war against the Communists had unquestionably killed more men than any other woman in Laos.

"We'll stay right here for awhile," I said. "Until dawn. That'll give us both time to rest and by then the Pathet Lao will probably be gone from the area."

She said nothing but rolled over, against me. I felt the softness of her red-hair brush against my face as her head found my shoulder. Felt the sobbing of her warm, soft body as she yielded completely to exhaustion.

I put a comforting arm about her, and weariness and sleep soon overtook us both.

It was still quite dark when I woke up. Mala's head was pillowed against me and I smelled the faint clean fragrance of her hair.

We started westward in the hushed silence of the false dawn. The sun was slow in coming up. When we first caught sight of it, like a great golden saucer it was creeping out of a thick haze and we heard the sound of a distant plane.

We saw other planes that day and two 'copters. Some of them flew near enough for me to identify as ours.

Late in the afternoon we reached a little village and from the saffron-

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robed pongyi, the Buddhist monk who had a radio I learned that U.S. conditions throughout Laos had become worse. He gave us shelter for the night and on the following morning we started again for the next village.

We traveled on from village to village for four more days until finally a 'copter on reconnaissance picked us up and carried us to safety over the border to Chiang Rai, in northern

Thailand.

Whether either of us will return to Laos is doubtful. As far as I am concerned, with the country in chaos the construction of the highway has been suspended.

As for Mala Dubois. Should she ever be caught by the Pathet Lao she will face quick exhaustion.

"*Kan Khat*," she said to me in Lao and I agree.

It means what will be, will be. ●

Bluebook of Sports

Continued from page 6

"I know," the warden said, reaching down to examine the struggling fish. Then he whistled sharply, exclaiming, "Say! This is some fish!"

"I've seen bigger," Jimmy said, carefully winding the leader.

"But never more valuable."

"They all taste alike, don't they?"

"You're apt to never forget the taste of this one," the warden said, laughing.

"What's this all about?" Jimmy demanded.

The warden picked up the fish. "See that metal tag?"

Jimmy looked close. "Yeah."

"Well, this fish was tagged by a Chicago newspaper," the warden ex-

plained. "See the name, Fanny, on the tag?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Part of a contest to boost circulation," the warden said.

"Do I get a free subscription or something?" Jimmy said.

"You get better than that," the warden answered. "This is a \$500.00 prize bass named Fanny. Simply mail the tag in and collect your money." He dropped the fish back on the dock.

Jimmy flopped down and stroked the fish lovingly. Due to a bass, his education would be continued.

"And I was worried about losing a 15 cent leader," he gasped. ●

By Sam Balter and Cy Rice

How to Make a Girl Say "Yes"

Continued from page 29

your dress got wet?"

"Oh, he was in the tub."

"Do you mean you got in there with him?"

"Now, Henry, it's not at all like it sounds."

"Fine! I'm glad to hear that, Esther."

"I wasn't exactly in the tub, Henry."

"Oh? Maybe you were just Luxing your dress maybe? What was Alex doing maybe washing out his sox?"

"No, Henry, you have it all twisted. When Alex got into the bathtub, I was in the living room."

"Taking off your dress I suppose?"

"No. This was before I took off my dress."

"So? Go on."

"Well, he asked me to bring him a drink."

"Which you immediately did, I suppose?"

"Yes. But when I went into the bathroom I made Alex turn out the light."

"Then he pulled you into the tub?"

"No, I slipped and almost fell."

"Fell in the tub?"

"Just part of me, Henry."

"Yeah? Which part?"

"Henry baby, couldn't you just get dressed and come over?"

"Let's get on with the story, Esther. You just slipped and fell into the tub and got your dress wet and while Alex took his bath, you changed dresses. This right?"

"No. Not that way."

"Well, then what precisely did you do?"

"I went and put my nightie on."

"You put your nightie . . . Why in hell did you do that?"

"I figured Alex would take the hint and go home."

"Geeze-H-Cree-If! Go home! Baby-doll, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I'm sure as hell gonna make you stop drinking. Not even a broad like you could be that . . . Hey! What did Alex do when he did get out of the tub?"

"Well, he came on into the living room, where I was, in his shorts."

"Yeah? Then what did you do, hopscotch into your bed so he'd be sure to get the hint?"

"No. I told him off and that it wasn't very nice for him to walk around with no trousers on."

"What'd he say to that?"

"He laughed and said that my nightie was real pretty and would I like maybe to make another bet."

"And you did?"

"No, I didn't. I told him that I never went around betting with men who were wearing only their shorts."

"What?"

"I thought maybe it would shame him."

"And did it?"

"No. And then he kissed me."

"What? He kissed you? On the lips?"

"Well, yes, there, too."

"What do you mean, 'too'? Where else did he kiss you?"

"Oh, Henry! You know. He just sort of smothered me with his kisses."

"For the Geeze's sake, what in hell did you let him do that for?"

"He promised that he'd put his pants on if I'd kiss him."

"So you smooched it up with him some more?"

"Now, Henry, you know that I wanted him to go home."

"Baby doll, you've got the damndest way of making a fellow want to go home that I've ever heard of."

"It worked anyway. It got his clothes back on for then, anyway."

"What do you mean 'for then'?"

"They got wet, so he had to take them back off."

"Wet? How did he get his clothes wet?"

"Oh, they had whiskey all over them."

"How did that come to happen?"

"I whacked him with the whiskey bottle."

"I see."

"It never hurt him, though. Not real badly, I mean."

"You hit him because he was trying to kiss you, Baby?"

"No."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"Tell me. Why did you hit Alex with the whiskey bottle?"

"Henry-baby, all the time we've been talking you could have been over here by now."

"Answer me, Esther. Why did you hit him?"

"Well, he wouldn't give me my nightie back."

"Alex had your nightie?"

"Yes."

"Not the one that you were wearing?"

"Henry will you quit making everything sound as if it was my fault."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"If Alex had your nightie, what did you have on?"

"Well, Henry-baby . . ."

"I want an answer, Esther."

"But Henry, I don't want to talk about it."

"Okay-okay. But how did Alex get your nightie?"

"You remember the one you gave me?"

"That was the one you were wearing?"

"Yes. You know how it buttons in the back."

"Go on."

"Well, he opened it while we were

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kissing."

"He unbuttoned it without your knowing it?"

"Yes, Henry."

"Tell me. How could he unbutton your nightie without you knowing it?"

"Well, it was sort of a long kiss."

"Alright. But how did he get the sleeves off your arms?"

"When I fell down Henry."

"Fell down? On the floor you mean?"

"Yes."

"Did he push you?"

"No. I got sort of weak all over."

"Then when you fell, the gown stayed in his hands. That it?"

"I think so."

"What'd he do then? Fall down beside you?"

"No. He was laughing and pouring a drink."

"Oh. Then he was pouring or drinking the drink, you got up and bopped him with the bottle?"

"No, Henry. The drink was for me."

"And you drank it there on the floor without a stitch..."

"I told you I was weak all over, Henry. I couldn't move to get up."

"You were weak and dizzy so you drank a slug of whiskey?"

"Yes."

"Damn-damn-damn!"

"Henry?"

"Tell me what happened after you drank the whiskey then?"

"Well, he grabbed my foot and began to tickle it."

"So that's when you hit him?"

"No, not then. I only told him to stop it."

"And did he?"

"Yes. But he would not let me have my nightie back. He held it behind him and said he'd give it to

me if I'd make another bet with him."

"So what did you do?"

"I grabbed the bedspread and covered myself with it."

"Yeah. Now what was the bet?"

"Well, he asked me if I was your steady girl friend, and of course I told him I was. Then he said he'd bet that I'd have your name tattooed on me."

"But you didn't bet him, did you?"

"Yes."

"Christ! And give him the chance to win back all the cash you'd won from him?"

"No. That wasn't where he bet me that the tattoo was, Henry."

"I see. Well, where did he bet you that the tattoo was?"

"Please, Henry. Won't you come over?"

"Esther!"

"What?"

"Just where did Alex bet you your tattoo was?"

"Henry, I'd much rather not talk about the tattoo any more."

"God damn it! Just where did he say it..."

"Don't swear, Henry. You know it's not nice."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"So you won the bet?"

"Yes."

"And he still wouldn't give you your nightie back?"

"No."

"So that's when you bopped him with the bottle and spilled whiskey all over his clothes?"

"Yes."

"Then he took them off again?"

"Yes. All but his shorts. I ironed them for him."

"Ironed his shorts?"

"No, silly, only his shirt and

slacks."

"So that's when he gave you the night gown back?"

"No. He had that wrapped around his head and was lying down on the couch. I got my bathrobe from the bedroom."

"That was all you had on, with nothing under it?"

"I didn't want him messing up all my clothes, Henry, don't you see?"

"Okay. So did he put back on his clothes after you'd ironed them?"

"No. That's when he said that his head hurt."

"So?"

"He asked me if I wouldn't please massage it."

"And you did?"

"Not until he got that funny look in his eyes again, Henry."

"Oh. Then what took place?"

"I told him that he'd better go home."

"He got off the couch?"

"No. Then he wanted to make another bet."

"Jesus H. Christ! What're you running over there anyway? A gambling parlor?"

"Now, Henry, I don't think it's very nice of you to make fun of me or crack jokes, when he is..."

"Awright already. Esther, what did he want to bet you on this time?"

"Oh, I wouldn't bet him."

"Bet him on what?"

"Henry, I came in here and phoned you. Baby, I've been ringing you all night. Can't you just grab a taxi and..."

"What was that bet, I asked you, Esther?"

"Honey, if you're too tired to come over here, I could come over to your place. Maybe I could sneak out the window..."

"Esther!"

"What?"

"Just how much did you win off that guy, anyhow?"

"I never counted it. Thirty or so dollars, I guess."

"And you still have the money?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Will you do just exactly what I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Then hang up the telephone and lock your bedroom door. Do you hear me?"

"Oh, Henry, I don't want him to be making a lot of noise. My neighbors might hear..."

"Look. You listen to me and do as I say! Rack up that damn phone and go lock your door."

"Will you be coming over?"

"No. But I'm sure as hell going to call him on the living room phone."

"Oh, I see..."

"Okay then. Don't you answer it from your bedroom when it rings. Let it ring out there until he answers. Got it?"

"Yes."

"'Cause I might get a bit salty with him and you wouldn't want to hear that kind of talk, now would you?"



"Oh, no."
 "All right then. Do you love me, baby?"
 Oh, Hank, you know that I do. You're the only man in . . ."
 "Okay. I love you, too, Esther. Goodnight, sweetheart."
 "Will we get to see each other tomorrow, Henry?"
 "I don't know, honey. Now, say goodnight and hang up like a good girl."
 "Goodnight, baby."
 "Operator. Get me Circle five-two-six-seven-eight."
 "One moment, sir . . . sorry, they don't seem to answer at that number. Shall I ring them later on . . ."
 "No, let it ring. They'll answer."
 "Hello?"
 "Alex?"
 "Yes. Who's this talking?"
 "Hank. Remember in the bar tonight?"
 "Say! What's the rumble, buster? You told me that this broad would . . ."

"Keep your voice down, Alex."
 "Yeah? Well to hell with that, too! What kind of a line did you hand me, anyhow? This chick's been trying to give me the bum's rush all night, plus she belted me over the head with a bottle. Some deal!"
 "Take it slow, pal. Take it slow. I just this minute was talking to her."
 "Take it slow, huh? I'll slow you, when I see you again. Listen, when I slipped you that sawbuck, you told me that . . ."
 "Yeah. And she is. Now, will you listen to me a second? I just talked to her and everything's hokey-dokey for you. You're in, man."
 "Hah! The hell I am. Know where that dumb floozy is now? She's got herself locked in her bedroom!"
 "Yeah? Well, don't let a little thing like that sweat you, chum. It's only a game she likes to play all the time."
 "Nuts! I think maybe I ought to get a refund from you, pal. And on the subject of cash, it has cost me over thirty bucks so far just to . . ."

"No, Alex, you'll make out like I said. Quit acting like a fool."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Look. I *know* Esther, don't I? I just talked to her on the telephone, didn't I? She's in that bedroom right now waiting for you. Hear me?"
 "Well, she sure as all hell don't act like she's waiting for me."
 "Aw, some chicks are like that. Play hard to get and all that jazz. Makes her feel better, but one thing sure, she doesn't want you to stop trying. Get it?"
 "You sure?"
 "Sure, I'm sure. Be masterful and rough. Get me? So she puts up a little struggle, so what? That's her game. Just go in there and show her that you're all man."
 "I'm not so sure. How do I get through the damn door anyway? Bust the thing down?"
 "Oh, that. See that little table next to where the lamp and phone is?

Look under the scarf and see if there isn't a key there."
 "Yeah? Just a second. Yes, there sure is."
 "Well, use it man. Use it. It fits her front door and all the rooms in her apartment."
 "You sure it's okay then, chum, huh?"
 "Sure, I know it's okay. Only just don't take a no as an answer from her. Get me?"
 "Aw, wait a minute. What if she begins yelling or screeching or something? Then what?"
 "You some kind of a nut? That's all you hear all night long in that neighborhood and no one ever notices. So if she yells pay no atten-

tion."
 "Hm. I'll give it a try, Hank. Here I go."
 "Okay. Just remember, don't take no for an answer from her. Got it?"
 "Yeah, pal, I'm hip."
 "So play it cool and easy. I'll be seein' you around. 'Night.'
 "Goodnight, Hank-boy."
 Henry yawned, stretched and scratched himself. He then lifted the receiver off the hook and laid the phone on the table, then he got back into bed.
 "Probably take me all night to fall asleep again. Lousy phone calls waking me up . . ."
 It took him exactly ten minutes. ●

How to Outfox a Used Car Dealer

Continued from page 25

the same price today. As new cars there was a gap of about \$600 in price between these cars.

The larger car will provide more space, comfort and power, but operation and maintenance costs will be substantially bigger.

The less popular makes, such as the 1958 Studebaker, can be bought for about \$300 less than a Chevy of the same year, although as new cars they cost approximately the same.

Discontinued makes will depreciate very fast. An Edsel or a De Soto can be picked up at competitive bargain rates. Parts and service will undoubtedly be available for years, but the longer these cars are off the market, the more you are going to spend for satisfactory repair service and the decreasing quantity of parts. Resale value will shrink very rapidly. These are the factors you have to weigh before jumping at the bait of savings in initial cost.

As for models, hardtops and convertibles are currently popular, hence the most expensive. Dollar for dollar, you will get a better buy in a sedan. Station-wagons are cheaper, too, and more practical for many purposes.

Discount The Used-Car Dealers Spiel About Equipment

The second hand bandit leans heavily on the equipment-extras pitch. I always rattle off the business about the radio, heater and seat covers as if I were giving you them out of the goodness of my heart. Forget it. These things are considered standard equipment on used cars.

Automatic shift, power steering, power brakes are something else again. They are legitimate extras. But in a car two- or more years old, cut the value of these items at least half of their new cost. Automatic transmission in a two-year old car, for example, is worth no more than \$100 when the new value was about \$200.

Incidentally, an automatic shift in

an old car may well become a liability. The cost of repairing such a complex mechanism can well run higher than the value of the old jalopy.

Retractable tops, power windows, power seats and other such frills frequently develop trouble in old cars. A sizable repair bill coming up at frequent intervals may make you regret having bought such unnecessary gadgets.

Don't Be A Speedometer or Odometer Sap

Most people refer to the mileage meter as the speedometer. Actually it is an odometer. And, believe me, it will be very odd if you ever find an odometer that tells the truth. They're about as rare as honest used car dealers and — you should pardon the expression — salesmen.

The blunt truth is that I'd have to take my banditry to some other line of business tomorrow if all odometers were accurate and had not been set back from one to thirty times. High-mileage cars cannot be sold by either a top gun or low gun on a used-car lot.

One day I took in a 3-year-old Ford station-wagon and slapped a \$1200 price tag on it. No one tampered with the odometer and it showed 59,038 miles. A customer came in and liked the car right off. Then he looked at the odometer and quickly lost interest.

I wound up wholesaling the car to a lot-owner in Brooklyn. About a week later the customer who had passed up the Ford on my lot rolled up in the same car. "Get a load of this job," he said enthusiastically, "only 22,500 miles on the speedometer!" I lifted the hood and checked the motor number, just to be sure. "And it only stood me \$1400," he boasted. Congratulating him on his shrewdness, I walked away shaking my head.

Actually, even without tampering, odometers couldn't stand a lie detector test. The meter always shows

On The House



by Jim Winchester

Bluebook Travel and Drinking Editor

Waikiki Beach, out in Honolulu, ain't the place it used to be, what with all the building and expansion going on around there. But one place that never changes is the Royal Hawaiian Hotel which still rates in our book as one of the best hotels anywhere in the world. Architecturally, the Royal Hawaiian looks like a pink Arabian Nights palace set down among palm trees. But, it's a truly cosmopolitan place.

A true cosmopolite, too, is Takao Yamaguchi, who has been the mixologist in the Surf Room since 1938. We first met him there during the war, when the Royal Hawaiian was a resting up spot—rest, yet!—for submarine crews back from Japanese waters.

It's said there are two ways to become a Kamaaina (Hawaiian old-timer). One is to spend seven years learning to know the islands and their peoples. The other is to spend an afternoon on Waikiki Beach and take on three Mai-Tais. Mai-Tai simply means "very good" and here is the way that our boy Takao stirs them up:

1 jigger light rum
1 jigger golden rum
Juice of Orgeat syrup
Dash of rock candy syrup
Dash of Orange Curacao.

Place one-half lime shell with ingredients in a large old-fashioned glass, fill with shaved ice, garnish with a spring of mint, sugar cane, pineapple stick and a vanda orchid.

To recover from several Mai-Tais—it's those orchids that do it!—Takao has what he dubs a Royal Hawaiian Surfbreaker:

¾-oz. lemon juice
1½-oz. gin
1-oz. pineapple juice
Dash of Orgeat syrup
White of one egg
Small amount of crushed ice

Whip thoroughly in a blender and serve in a Zombie glass.

about ten percent less mileage than the car has actually covered. Odometers break down and car owners travel thousands of miles without bothering to have them repaired. Some owners intentionally disconnect them for two reasons: to deceive themselves and their friends; and to keep the reading down against the day when they will sell or trade the car in.

As I explained earlier most cars have from one to eight owners before they are overtaken by the junkie. In one instance I found that 18 owners had at one time or another bought a jalopy which owner number 18 wanted to trade in for a \$200 allowance. He had paid \$29 for a smear paint job and cleaned up the engine in preparation for the attempted swindle. And I sold him a 9-owner Plymouth, 5 years old, which must have had the odometer turned back 20 times before I had my turn. He thinks I allowed him two hundred on that rat he brought me.

Frequently the meter is set back three times in the course of a single deal. The original owner sets it back. Then, the dealer who took it as a trade-in spun it back liberally. Finally a second dealer to whom the car was wholesaled for re-sale happily knocks a few thousand miles off the reading.

The story when you want to have a mechanic turn your odometer back goes something like this: The meter jumped ahead 12,000 miles when I went over a bump. I want it turned back. He won't believe you, but as long as you pay his fee, he'll do the job without question.

Popular priced cars of standard size can have the odometer set back in about an hour for five or ten dollars. Buicks run a little higher because the meters are tough to readjust. Cadillacs, Chryslers and Lincoln Continentals present a problem with their complex wiring systems. You may have to fork over \$25 for an odometer set-back on these jobs.

As long as one dealer doctors odometers, sooner or later all must do it. You can't stay in business if you don't meet dishonesty with dishonesty. Ask any dealer or salesman of used cars how long he has been in the business. If it's more than a couple of months, he's a bandit. He has to be to survive.

Until the laws of the various states force the recording of mileage on every bill of sale, there is no protection against turning back odometers. Wisconsin and New Jersey have laws making it an offense to doctor a meter in order to make a sale, but the law is toothless unless a truthful mileage entry is required on that bill of sale.

In the meanwhile, some indication of the abuse a car has been given may be obtained by a study of the bill of sale. To the left of the serial number, a letter is typed in. "A" means one owner; "B", two owners; and so

on through the alphabet. But, the letter "Z" to the right of the serial number means the car originally came from another state. In that case, there is no way to determine the number of owners before your state began counting owners in their jurisdiction. But you can have a thorough title search done for about \$10.

Selecting A Lot Or Dealer

Many theorists will tell you to buy used cars only from a reputable dealer, preferably from an agency that deals in new cars. The new car dealer has a franchise to protect, so the reasoning goes. I might add that I usually work for new car agencies with a used car lot.

Remember that upwards of 12-million used cars are sold annually. If the dealer doesn't move trade-ins on the used car lot, he's in trouble — big trouble. If he gets too uppity about the way his top gun and the lighter-caliber guns operate, they simply reach for the coats and start to leave. The agency owner can't afford to lose his best bandits.

In a field saturated with banditry, your best bet is probably to make your selection after a round of comparison shopping and word-of-mouth recommendations from friends who have gotten a square deal from a crook with sense enough to meet honesty with honesty on occasion. Even though it hurts, I always strain to deal fairly with people recommended to me by other satisfied customers. There is a measure of honor even among the most ruthless used car bandits, when it pays to be honorable.

Does It Pay To Take A Mechanic With You Buying A Used Car?

When you have narrowed your choice down to a couple of used cars from which you plan to select the vehicle for you, it makes good sense to bring a competent mechanic with you.

Of course, there are a thousand gimmicks for doctoring up a badly used car, which are difficult to detect unless the mechanic were to tear the motor down. But if he takes the car for a spin on a route of his own choosing, the chances are he will sense tampering that he cannot prove without further investigation.

A couple who were buying a car from me brought a relative who was more of a handy man than a mechanic. By chance, when he climbed beneath the car and began banging here and there with a hammer, the tailpipe broke loose from its moorings and hit him a blow on the temple which stunned him.

"Look!" I shouted, "I'm suing you personally for any damage you do to that car. Already you're probably liable for a couple of hundred unless you're lucky." He jumped away from the car as if it were a hot boiler and I went on with the sale. But, the foolish customers were afraid of the car after that tailpipe incident and

refused a really good buy. They wound up sticking themselves with a rat at a price several hundreds above its paltry value.

But a good mechanic who knows what's cooking in used cars will make it worth your while to bring him along.

I would suggest that you give him an assist by:

a.) Urging the dealer to enter the correct mileage on the bill of sale. If he balks at that, you'd better go elsewhere.

b.) Get the mechanic to look behind the panel with a flashlight. There should be a coat of dust on the odometer if it hasn't been tampered with. If the numbers have been turned back, the new figures are rarely in proper alignment anyhow. Do what the dealers do. Feel the attaching screws for ragged slots betraying the fact that they have been turned.

c.) Buying an older used car, look for abnormal exhaust smoke which usually shows up after 50,000 to 60,000 miles. If extra-heavy oil has been used to avoid the smoke, a look at the dip stick will tip you off to the deception.

d.) Press the clutch pedal lightly by hand. There should be an inch or so of free play before a sharp increase in resistance occurs.

e.) Apply light, steady pressure to the brake pedal. If it sinks to the floor too readily, this means the brakes need adjustment or — more serious — a leak in the hydraulic system.

f.) Turn the steering wheel while the mechanic observes the movement of the front wheels. If the wheel has more than two inches of play before the tires move, the steering mechanism may be worn.

g.) Take a trial spin with the mechanic over a route that will test the car under as many different conditions as possible. Don't let a salesman take you over a short run on smoothly paved roads, with no hilly rises, few starts and stops, at moderate speeds and in little or no traffic. Any doctored up jalopy will behave beautifully on that kind of test.

h.) Don't let a nice paint job fool you. Repainted taxicabs and rental cars that have outlived their usefulness look great with a fresh paint job. Often a little touching up will do the trick.

i.) Upholstery protected by seat covers may look relatively new even on a rat. Feel the seats for broken or sagging springs. They sag after 35,000 or 40,000 miles in most instances, and replacement is too costly for a used car dealer.

I had a car on the lot which I had taken as a trade-in in a deal with a veteran who has lost his right leg during the war. A customer came on the lot and took an interest in the vet's trade-in. He was one of the fraternity of tire kickers and upholstery slappers.

Reaching into the car, he hit the

upholstery just to the right of the driver's seat a resounding whack with his fist. His fist went right through the upholstery where a hole in the fabric had been covered up with a patch of contact adhesive cloth.

I was caught flat-footed for an explanation when he looked at me with an oafish grin. Then inspiration came. "Oh, a veteran who lost his right leg in the war was the last owner of that car," I said. "He used to stick his stump in that hole when he drove, for comfort, you know."

At that psychological moment the veteran chanced to come into the lot, hobbling on his crutch. I waved a greeting and told him to go in and sit in my office until I finished with this customer.

That did it. Anything I said to Brother Oaf from that point on in was gospel. I promised to have the hole in the upholstery repaired and closed a nice juicy deal in a matter of minutes.

Will Your Mechanic Look For Trouble Under The Hood

If the oil on the dipstick seems unusually heavy and greasy, the dealer may have been trying to conceal knocks in the motor, which in turn may indicate worn parts.

Extra heavy oil will deaden motor noises. If the oil smells of gasoline, the engine may be worn.

If there is water on the dipstick, you have the right to suspect trouble in the motor block.

Oil or water oozing at any point almost certainly points to trouble — big trouble, perhaps. Turn a deaf ear to the salesman's explanation if it sounds off-beat. Pretend to go along. Take a rag and dry the spot up. After a trial spin in the car, take another look when the engine is warm. If the ooze is still there, back off.

A Good External Look-See May Reveal Trouble In Innards

Take an angular look at the car for ripples or other surface indications of body work. Dented bumpers, fenders or doors may not be important, but they may indicate that the car has been through one or more serious accidents. See if the hood lines up properly with the fenders and grill. Do the doors open and shut easily? How about the fit of the trunk?

Painted-over lettering may betray the fact that the old jalopy was once a taxicab. They don't get to a used-car lot until they're pretty well used up.

Don't Bank Too Heavily On A Guarantee Or A Warranty

Unless it is backed by the manufacturer, neither a guarantee nor a warranty has much value. Even then, service agencies try desperately to pressure you into paying labor costs which can easily be padded so that you are paying the entire repair

costs.

There are a few lots where you can get an unqualified 30-day guarantee against mechanical trouble. But they are rare, and limited to very late model cars.

An agreement to split 50-50 with the buyer the cost of repairs and parts required during the first thirty days is usually a lure and a trap. One way or another, you will pay **ALL THE COST ALL THE WAY.**

There are dealers who issue 1-year guarantees or warranties through a national bonding company on late model cars. The issuance of the bond is contingent upon a careful inspection and overhauling of the car and costs about \$50 a car. You may be sure that the cost of the warranty will be included in the price of the car.

Place no faith in any guarantee or warranty, even if it is in writing, unless it is signed by a responsible official of an agency. The signature of the bandit pressing the sale is worthless.

Read Every Word of That Contract Before You Sign

Once you sign that contract, you are hooked, brother. Make sure you have read and understood every word, and get a copy of the agreement.

Be sure that the old switch isn't pulled on you by which you read one contract and sign another "as is" deal. At the right psychological moment, several overlapping sheets of paper are placed before you. The top sheet is a sound contract which you have read. The pen is stuck in your hand and you are instructed to sign right down there. The phony contract which binds the dealer to exactly nothing is underneath, and your signature will wind up on it if you are not wide awake.

Especially, beware of "the low ball." Most of the standard contracts have a provision that permits the dealer to re-appraise your trade-in **EVEN AFTER YOU AND THE SALESMAN HAVE SIGNED THE AGREEMENT.** You agree on a certain price for the used car you are buying with, let us say, a \$300 allowance for the car you are trading in. This is the "high ball". Having obtained your signature, the salesman advises you that the appraiser has reappraised your car at \$150, so the car will cost you \$150 more. Most suckers stand for this type of fraud. Demand that the dealer or manager, in addition to the salesman, state the appraisal or purchase price in writing in the agreement. Walk out if they balk.

Just remember that you are required to turn in your trade-in in the condition in which it was appraised. That is why the re-appraisal condition is in the contract — to protect the dealer from gyp buyers.

Financing

You would be well advised to insist upon paying one-third of the

cost of a used car down, going to a bank or credit union of your own choosing for the remainder. Shop for that loan and you will secure favorable terms.

Beware of the "nothing-down easy-pay" routine. Invariably you will be hustled to a small-loan company to borrow the money for the down payment. The terms will be tough and they will take a chattel mortgage on your furniture — although you may not know it when you sign up.

In the cockeyed humor which is part of the used-car business, I call this second loan, "the consolidated combustion loan." Only one buyer, a kind of be-bop character, came back to see me after I had lured him into one of these deals to bind the sale. "Man," he said, "now I know what you meant by 'combustion loan', it done blew up right in my face. You got me eatin' corn flakes three times a day — and without milk!"

When the be-bopper signed, he thought he would pay \$48 a month. He wasn't even aware of signing for \$29 additional monthly payments for that second loan — $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ monthly on the unpaid balance.

Read all the fine print on your contract and be sure that every item

is filled in. Make sure of the amount of each payment and the number of payments you must make.

In some instances used-car outfits lure you with very low monthly payments as a come-on. Then, on the final payment they sock you with a "balloon" payment which you may very well have to refinance.

Automobile insurance rates tied in with the finance agreement may be much more costly than an insurance deal you can get elsewhere. Don't be swept into a "momentum deal" in which you figure you will wrap everything up in one package. It may cost you considerable money. Take your time. Shop around.

Finally, keep in mind that the used-car bandit you deal with often foregathers after hours in a bar or restaurant with his fellow bandits. The top gun is usually a sort of informal chairman of the meeting. They play a kind of game of "Can You Top This?" in which the suckers they have handled during the day are discussed with much raucous laughter and obscene-profanity humor. Just see to it that you are not the prize sucker ridiculed at one of these bull sessions. The price can run high. ●

Ghoulish Dr. Cream

Continued from page 35

drumming up business, appeared.

"Good evening," said Cream, removing his topper and bowing. Now the doctor took the prostitute's hand and kissed it. It had been many a day since she had received treatment such as this and she was simply enchanted. "Well," she said, "let's get going. My flat's just down the street."

"But," said Cream, "I wish only to make an appointment with you."

"An appointment?"

"Yes. But I'll pay you half in advance. How much do you charge?"

"How much can you pay?"

"Will two pounds do — a pound now and a pound when we get together?"

"Are you joshing?"

Cream produced the first pound note — a small fortune back in those days. He said he would appear at Matilda's flat at 8 o'clock next night.

Next night Matilda Clover was leaning out of her second-story window looking for her classy client. Just below Matilda another prostitute, Ellen Donworth, was also looking out the window. Ellen Donworth, not as attractive as Matilda Clover, often hung out of her window and tried to lure Matilda's clients her way. She was all set to do that very thing this particular night. And when Doctor Cream appeared, Ellen made a successful job of luring him away from Matilda.

One night a couple of weeks later, Ellen Donworth was walking along

Waterloo Road when she met another girl in the same line of work and began to talk shop with her. "I've got the most cultured gent I ever had," Ellen said to the other girl, who was one day to repeat the conversation to Scotland Yard. "He's always dressed in topper and tails and carries a cane. And he always makes an appointment with me."

Now Ellen added the piece of information that was one day to be vital. "There's only one thing wrong with Fred, as he calls himself," she said. "His eyes are crossed."

"When," the second girl asked, "do you see him again?"

"In half an hour."

Later that night, Ellen Donworth was found lying cold and stiff along the Thames Embankment. She was taken to St. Thomas Hospital where she was pronounced dead.

Next morning, Doctor Cream, who had several patients in three hospitals in the area, including St. Thomas, dropped into St. Thomas. Stopping to look at the corpse of a girl stretched out on a slab, Cream asked an intern: "Who's this?"

"She's been identified as Ellen Donworth."

"A prostitute, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Cause of death?"

"Suicide by strychnine poisoning."

"Suicide, eh?" said Doctor Cream.

"Well, that's how they end up making a living off men. Serves her damned

good and right."

The next day, after Ellen Donworth was buried in a pauper's field, Scotland Yard received a letter from somebody signing himself "A. O'Brien, Detective." The letter, postmarked London, bore no return address. A. O'Brien, whoever he was, said that Ellen Donworth had not committed suicide, but had been poisoned. O'Brien went on to say that he would, for a fee, give The Yard the details. All The Yard had to do, the communication concluded, was to insert an ad in The Times saying simply:

O'Brien: We are interested.

The Yard considered the letter only briefly. Then it was put in a file reserved for crank letters.

Two nights later, Doctor Cream, complete with topper, tails and cane, showed up at the quarters of Matilda Clover, the girl who had lost him to the now-buried Ellen Donworth. A cleaning woman, scrubbing the stairs leading to Matilda's quarters on the second floor, got a good look at Doctor Cream, as he reached the head of the stairs and passed under the glow of a hall gas jet. The woman particularly noticed Doctor Cream's crossed eyes and heard him breathing hard. She saw him again when he left Matilda's flat an hour later.

Cream hadn't been gone long when the cleaning woman heard a scream that sent chills through her. It came from Matilda's rooms. Rushing in, the woman saw the prostitute doubled up in agony. "Fred," she was moan-

ing, "gave me some white capsules."

It so happened that Matilda had a reputation as a drunk. When drunk, she had been known to talk convincingly of things that had come from nowhere except her imagination. A doctor was called, as Matilda continued to writhe in agony and moan about Fred having given her white capsules. The physician, informed by the cleaning woman of Matilda's reputation as a drunk and a liar, smelled the harlot's breath. "Drunk," he said and went away. An hour later, Doctor Cream's second victim died.

The deaths of the two prostitutes — the Donworth girl, seemingly by her own hand, and the Clover girl, apparently from drink — hadn't been important-enough items to make more than a few lines in the papers. But Cream, subconsciously crying for attention, began to talk about the deaths. "It's an odd thing about that Donworth girl," he remarked to another doctor at St. Thomas Hospital. "I understand she just wasn't the kind who'd take strychnine to end her life."

"You mean somebody might have fed it to her, Neill?"

"Exactly. And she's not the only one whose passing makes me suspicious."

"Who else is there?"

"That Clover girl who lived right over her. She might have known something and been poisoned, too, to keep her mouth shut."

"How do you know so much about those two, Neill?"



"I told him I wasn't that kind of girl . . . but he proved otherwise."

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"I've been looking into those deaths."

"But why are you interested in what happened to a couple of prostitutes?"

"I'm something of a student of crime. It fascinates me."

One night in December, more than a month after Doctor Cream had begun his Jekyll-Hyde life in London, he was standing under the glow of a street lamp waiting for the appearance of a prostitute. He always stood under a street lamp, the better to get a good look at what he was picking up. It never occurred to him that this also gave the girl a chance to get a good look at him.

This particular night, Cream fell into conversation with a streetwalker with a very pimply face. "I'm a physician," Cream told the girl, "and I'd like to help you with those pimples on your face."

Cream reached into a pocket and pulled out a small white capsule. "Here," he said. "Take this as a starter and I'll give you a prescription for a whole box of them."

The girl, appreciative, took the capsule and was putting it in her handbag when Cream said: "No! Take it at once. Your saliva will be sufficient for you to swallow it."

Looking at Cream, the prostitute saw that his eyes had suddenly become crossed and that his face was now indescribably evil. Frightened, she pretended to put the capsule in her mouth, actually dropping it to the ground.

Cream, staring at her, snapped his fingers. "Good gracious!" he said. "I've forgotten a most important appointment. I'll see you another time." With that, the doctor vanished into the gloom of the cold December night.

Cream couldn't have been very far away when the girl, looking for the capsule she had dropped, heard a high, insane kind of a laugh. She had been thinking to have the capsule examined at an apothecary shop. Now, though, hearing that laugh, she became so terrified that she got out of there before finding the capsule.

The prostitute began to tell her friends about her experience with the formally attired little man with the crossed eyes and the white capsule. Her tale, quickly getting around Whitechapel, tied in with other things that had been observed during the previous several weeks. The cleaning woman who had seen the man who had gone up to Matilda Clover's rooms the night the girl had died recalled that he had answered the description of the man with the capsule, even to the crossed eyes. The professional friend who had spoken to Ellen Donworth the night Ellen was to die, recalled that Ellen had spoken of a classy client who had been cross-eyed.

The most interesting item about the formally-dressed man with the eyes that crossed was that he had, in offering the capsule called him-

self a doctor. The newspapers, now going after the story, played up this piece of information.

Doctor Cream, reading every paper, pretended to ignore the fact that his description began to fit that of the figure who was emerging in the public prints. But fellow boarders and professional associates wouldn't let him. Not that they had the slightest suspicion of him. It was just that the newspaper references, fitting Cream as they did, were too good to pass up as a joke.

"Is it possible," a fellow diner asked Cream at supper in the boarding house one night, "that you could be a sort of Jekyll-Hyde, doctor?"

Cream studied the questioner briefly, then threw his head back and let go with a hearty laugh. "Now," he said, "wouldn't it be odd if you nice people were dining each night with another Jekyll-Hyde?"

"Neill," a fellow physician at St. Thomas Hospital said to him, "you couldn't be the doctor who tried to make that prostitute swallow that capsule, could you?"

Cream laughed. Then, growing sober, he asked: "Why would you ask a thing like that, even in jest?"

"It is in jest, to be sure, Neill. But that man with the capsule, and the man who knew those two prostitutes who died suddenly, did look like you — even to the trouble you have with your eyes."

Cream looked over his colleague's head, staring into space. "Seriously," he said, "I'm really too concerned with my work to even joke about that man who apparently resembles me. My work is my life."

Cream's reference to his work as a physician was more than enough to banish any thoughts among his professional colleagues that his resemblance to the suspicious character of the Whitechapel nights was anything more than a coincidence.

During Doctor Cream's brief time in London, he had already begun to

take up where he had left off when sentenced for murder in Illinois. Patients were already beginning to talk about the Scotch doctor who simply looked at them, made them feel pleasantly dizzy, then much improved.

Months passed and the talk about the prostitute chaser in evening clothes subsided. Doctor Cream's reputation was gaining by such leaps and bounds that by April of the following year, when he had been in London for nearly six months, the line of patients waiting to see him sometimes extended into the street.

The doctor had, all during the winter months, frequently gone out at night, but no longer dressed in soup and fish. Prostitutes continued to die — apparently from natural causes. More often, on a night, Doctor Cream had remained in the boarding house. When not turning in early, exhausted from a long day with his patients, Doctor Cream had joined the other boarders for an evening in the parlor. He played the organ, spouted poetry and, being a man well versed in just about everything, he settled arguments.

"Isn't it odd," Cream said one night in April, "that that cross-eyed man in the evening clothes hasn't turned up in recent months?" This was the first reference to the man in evening clothes in some time. Everybody had just about forgotten him.

Then one night in April, Doctor Cream, dressed to kill, tried to sneak out of the boarding house unnoticed. He almost made it, but not quite. One lodger spotted him and remembered the exit.

An hour later, a constable noticed a formally-attired little man slinking out of a house in Whitechapel. This wasn't to be a lucky night for Doctor Cream, or for two prostitutes named Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell.

Doctor Cream just happened to pass under a street lamp and the constable just happened to get a good look at



those orbs of his — nicely crossed. Not long afterward, Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell, who roomed together, died, screaming in agony.

The two prostitutes had eaten some salmon out of the tin. A doctor, noticing that, ascribed their deaths to ptomaine poisoning. Then it occurred to the constable that the formally-dressed man, resembling as he did the character who had aroused some suspicion the previous year, might have visited the two prostitutes.

The constable, pressing for an investigation, got it. Now the lid blew off. Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell, autopsied, were found to have died of strychnine poisoning. When the law reached back and disinterred and autopsied Ellen Donworth and Matilda Clover, it was found that they, too, had been poisoned by strychnine.

Now the newspapers were full of the story, describing the suspected mass killer in detail. The constable had taken in a great deal of Doctor Cream's features in that brief period when Cream had passed under the street light. The lodger who had spotted Cream going out the night of the double poisoning was reading everything he could lay hands on about the murders.

The lodger now made what turned out to be a deadly move, but not for Cream. He went up to Cream's room one night after supper and knocked on the door. "Who's there?" asked Cream. When the lodger identified himself, Cream said: "Just a moment." When Cream answered the door, he bowed the man in.

"Doctor," said the lodger getting right to the point, "I think you might be the man who has been poisoning all those whores."

Cream was toying with a drink of whisky. "Sit down," he said. "From all accounts, I do bear something of a resemblance to the fiend." The doctor took a drink, put down his glass, picked up the only whisky bottle in the room, poured a drink for his visitor and handed it to him. "What," Cream asked, smiling and unruffled, "do you intend to do about your suspicions?"

"I'm going to Scotland Yard to report them. But I thought it only fair to warn you."

"That's mighty gentlemanly of you," answered Cream. "But has it occurred to you that you could be mistaken, in which case I could, sue you for everything you have?"

The lodger apparently hadn't thought of it, and the man was visibly shaken. So shaken that he took a big gulp of whisky. Once the drink was down the lodger was through talking for good.

Next morning, when the lodger didn't appear for breakfast and the landlady found him in his bed, stiff in death, she caught Doctor Cream just leaving for his office. Up in the lodger's room, on the second floor, Cream listened to the man's heart with his stethoscope. "He's gone, all

right, poor fellow," said Cream. "The heart."

Cream, anticipating the lodger's reason for calling, had slipped some cyanide potassium, instant death, in the whisky.

Neill Cream, M.D. was by this time a flesh-and-blood counterpart of Robert Lewis Stevenson's creation of the doctor with the split personality. His better self hated his worse self and began to hope that The Yard would catch him before he took additional lives.

The Yard, he suspected from stories he had read in the papers, was acting on tips from various sources and from that description turned in by the constable. But it wasn't getting around to him.

So Doctor Cream sat down and wrote a letter to The Yard. He suggested that it get in touch with the police of Toronto and of Garden Prairie, Illinois, and with Joliet. They would, he said, thus find some interesting information about a living Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Cream, who signed his name and address to the letter added that he had written to The Yard after the first prostitute had died. He had been the man who had signed himself "A. O'Brien, Detective," suggesting the whore had been poisoned.

Posting the letter, Doctor Cream packed up and left his boarding house. He also abandoned his office.

Next day, then, when The Yard got the letter and rushed to have a talk with Cream, the physician was nowhere to be found.

It was when the intelligence came back from Canada and the United States that The Yard discovered that Doctor Cream was the fiend of Whitechapel. Cream's picture arrived with the official records. It was quickly identified by the constable, the prostitute to whom Cream had offered the capsule, and others who had seen him while he was carving a niche of his own in the hall of infamy.

Now The Yard, knowing a leopard can never change its spots or an arch-killer the lust for human life, assigned girl sleuths to dress as prostitutes and roam Whitechapel on the lookout for Cream. One night, passing under a street lamp, one of the female sleuths was approached by nobody but Doctor Cream — dressed to kill.

"Goodness," Cream was soon saying to the prostie-dick, "but you look pale. I'm a physician and can give you something to build you up." Cream reached into the folds of his evening cape and pulled out a white capsule. "Here, my dear," he said, "take this. Take it right away. Your saliva will be enough to get it down."

"Something tells me," the detective said to Cream, "that this is the same kind of a capsule that you have been giving to the other girls."

"But I don't understand."

"I mean, it probably contains strychnine."



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"Who are you!" asked Cream, his eyes crossing as he uttered the words. "I'm from Scotland Yard. You'd better come along without any fuss, Doctor Cream."

Cream just stood there looking at the lady sleuth. His features, which had begun to contort, like Doctor Jekyll's, now began to relax. His eyes uncrossed, very suddenly. "Oh, my God," said Doctor Cream, looking upward toward the brilliant night heavens, "how glad I am you have finally found me."

At The Yard, Doctor Cream gave all of the details of his long career in crime. He added something Scotland Yard had not suspected. He had, between his first two murders and his second pair, taken the lives of more than a score of tarts with his white capsules.

Those other murders, though, were now academic. A man has but one life to give for either his country or the law. Cream gave his for the law on a gallows in Newgate Prison

in November, 1892. He was in the forty-third year of his life.

Back in the U.S.A., friends of Daniel Scott, Cream's first murder victim, erected the following monument, which stands to this day:

DANIEL SCOTT

DIED

June 12, 1881

AGED

61 YEARS

POISONED BY HIS WIFE

& DR. CREAM

Stevenson, the creator of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was living in Samoa when Cream was executed. The author, who had begun life as a lawyer, was fascinated by the stories about Cream that reached him in the London papers. Until he died, two years after Cream, Stevenson always asked himself a question:

Would Doctor Cream have become the arch-killer that he was had he not read *Doctor Jekyll And Mr. Hyde*? ●

Yankee Smuggler

Continued from page 21

things money can get you. These are tangibles. But what about intangibles? The things you can't see right now, respect from the world. independence, no bosses. And holidays — in the right places. In North Africa, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, Paris, Rome, Madrid."

I nodded glumly. She had a point. I wondered what she had on her mind. I hope she wasn't going to suggest I live on her money and visit these places with her.

But then she changed the subject. She came back to tangibles — she and I. She looked at me quickly above the rim of her glass. She seemed to lick at her lips hungrily and her eyes seemed to go smoky.

"Do you like me, Clark?"

"I like you, baby," I said. "Too much."

"It can never be too much," she whispered. She hesitated. "Then do something about it."

She put down her glass. My glass joined hers on the small coffee table. We moved together as if on one string. Her arms entwined about my neck. Her fingernails were a crimson rake as they ran along my back beneath my jacket. Her lips came against mine with an electrifying shock, naked in their hunger.

We lay beneath one sheet on the bed, smoking, and watching dawn creep across the sky above the buildings across the street. I felt in a strangely dreamy half awake, half asleep mood. I've slept around a bit. But Janice was really something I'd never encountered before. This was a pipe dream come true. Janice not only used her beautifully shaped body, she used her imagination too.

I was under the Janice spell, and suddenly I remembered the ex-RAF flyer she had been waiting for. Jealousy and fear made me ask about him.

"Dennis is my lover and partner," she said. Then, turning on the bed and propping her head on her arms, she said coolly, "Was my lover and partner."

I thought about that.

She added, "You see, Clark, I'm a peculiar sort of woman. You could. I suppose, say I'm a little old fashioned. I have to have just one man. I have to become completely involved. both emotionally and physically with him. That's the way I get my kicks. I can't get them from just any man. It has to be an affair. Which means you are *in* — if you want to be — and Dennis — well, Dennis is *out*."

I stubbed out my butt and reached for her beneath the sheets. "I want in, baby," I whispered, "I want in badly."

A little later we talked about the partnership side of her affair with the ex-flyer.

Janice was very frank. She said, "Dennis and I were smugglers." Just like that.

This was the operation. About every four or five weeks either Janice or Dennis would fly from London to Paris. If Dennis went, he would wear a fancy rust-colored vest with little pockets in the lining and an old-fashioned money belt beneath his pants. This would hold five hundred Swiss watches, which he would buy from a Swiss watch manufacturer's representative in the Latin Quarter. He would pay anything from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars for

these — depending on the quality.

He would fly back to England the following day. He or Janice would drive to the jewelry center of London, Hatton Garden, on the following day and meet a wholesaler. He would buy all the watches for a price ranging from three to four thousand dollars. Net profit for two days work would be something between fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars.

If Janice went, the routine was the same, with the difference that she wore a special girdle instead of a vest.

Janice spent a couple of hours explaining the setup. Dozens of people, mostly working couples, were cleaning up, she said. On a higher level, groups were working in syndicates to put up capital and bring the contraband in by sea craft or aircraft.

She added, "That's why Dennis and I quarrelled."

In the West and there was a drinking club used almost exclusively by people in the racket. Dennis was welcomed because he was a flyer, and he had come up with a plan to fly material in from Ireland in a Rapide biplane. Nothing new in this, it had been done before, using isolated and abandoned RAF airstrips.

But to make it worthwhile, an investment of 150 to 200 thousand dollars was necessary. Other smugglers were willing to invest, and Dennis wanted to mortgage Janice's apartment, car, and to use every penny they had in the venture. Janice hadn't liked the gamble. She refused and said she was quite satisfied with one of them making a solo journey to France every few weeks.

I could see both their points of view, of course. But I think even at that point I sided with Dennis. For by the law of averages you had to get caught sometime. Periodically the Customs' people would crack down. They would, for example, strip and search every third or fourth passenger. And sometime or other, a month away or a year away, it would be Janice's or Dennis's turn. Or, if I agreed to go in, mine.

But when I put this to Janice, she had a good reply. If you were caught, she said, you would be heavily fined or imprisoned for a few months, and the contraband would be confiscated, but it wouldn't leave you broke. If they captured the aeroplane on a big syndicate deal, you would lose everything . . . and it would take ages to get started again.

The end result was that I agreed to become Janice's partner. I made my first crossing eight days later. I carried only a handgrip for a long weekend in Paris. It held shaving tackle, a couple of spare shirts and stuff like that. Janice had staked me to a very expensive lightweight blue suit and suede shoes. There was nothing to worry about going out from England, no kickbacks either from the French Customs who, I

discovered, were very casual and indifferent.

One thing I learned is that you never went to Switzerland to get Swiss watches. Customs' undercover agents kept a permanent staff there and they had their local informers. The Swiss manufacturers kept representatives in Paris. Some of them had made a fortune out of supplying British smugglers, and they were eager to trade. All they demanded was cash on the nail for consignments.

I put up at a small hotel on the Left Bank which Janice had recommended, and made contact with the representative at a cafe called *Le Jockey*. I met him there on the Sunday morning. I'd had a good time in Paris the night before despite the fact that I didn't have a lot of capital. I met a honey-haired Swedish girl studying art . . . but that's another story.

My contact had five hundred small, delicate women's cocktail watches. We went back to my crummy hotel room and laid them out on the bed. The rep was a straightdealer, Janice had told me, so I paid him \$1,750 in English five pound notes. After he'd gone I began to fit the watches into the slots in the lining of the fancy vest. I found it took time. There were five hundred of them. The vest took the bulk of them. The rest went into the money belt. At four o'clock that afternoon I left Paris by the *Invalides* air terminal. Just over two hours later my *Air France* Constellation was putting down at London Airport.

I got in the middle of the forty-five people walking through the sunlight to the Customs' building. I found myself sweating some.

With people on either side of me I stopped by the Customs counters. Blue-uniformed young men with eagle eyes moved along to meet us. I discovered then that British Customs rarely look at cases; instead they look at faces. Since it would cause long delays to go through everybody's luggage, they use psychology. They look at you hard and, if you're smuggling something, you're supposed to crack. Well, that might work with beginners.

I'd laced myself with Brandy on the aircraft coming across. I felt confident enough and brave enough to out stare a wounded tigress.

A bright youngster stopped before me, tweaked at his red moustache, stuck a card beneath my nose, and asked me if I had any items with me which were listed on the card. I flipped an earnest eye down the list. Sure enough watches were listed there. I wonder what red moustache would say if I declared that I had five hundred of them!

Cigarettes and liquor. I told him all I had was two hundred American cigarettes and an opened bottle of un-taxed brandy which, is permissible to bring in without paying duty.

I went to open my handgrip. But he nodded and chalked on the bag. My voice didn't seem to be mine when I spoke to him. I picked up the grip and walked out to the main hall on wooden legs, it seemed. Janice, looking tense and nervous, was waiting with her fingers crossed at Barclays Bank currency exchange counter.

Dutifully, like a housewife, she lifted her lips to be kissed, "Have a nice trip, darling?"

"Perfect," I said.

Driving back to London in her

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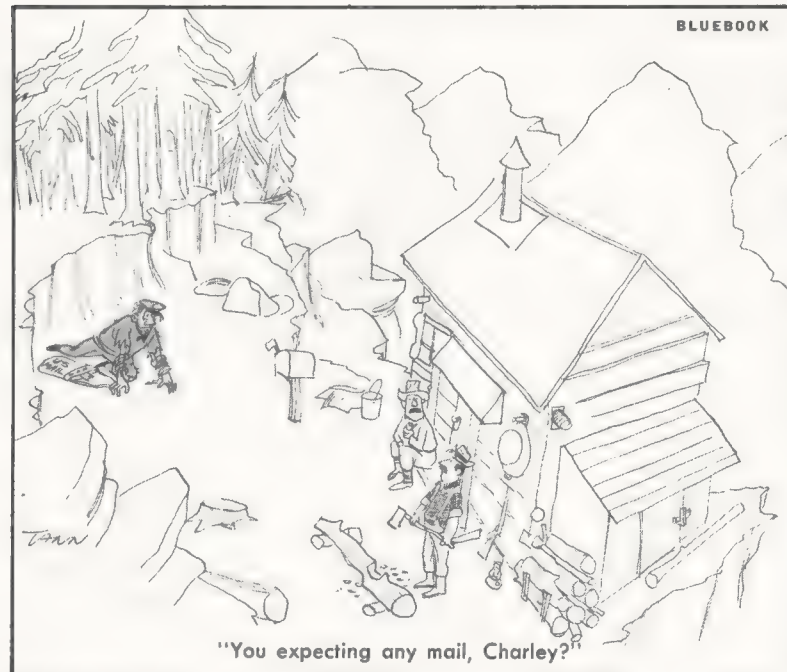
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small Aston Martin, I became intoxicated with my success. I kept cracking jokes and laughing.

"What did you do last night?" Janice casually asked me.

"Looked at the Paris sights," I said.

"Alone?" she said. She saw me hesitate. "All right, Clark, I know. I don't really mind. But I'll tell you this. I'll always be faithful to you."

Feeling a little guilty about the Swedish girl, I was very tender to Janice that evening. We spent it alone in the apartment. The brandy helped. I was never tired of making love to Janice. A girl is well stacked, okay, but if she doesn't use her imagination, it's dead wood. That's what Janice proved to me.

Next morning Janice drove to Hatton Garden. She was back in a couple of hours with the money from the sale. Everything was strictly a cash deal. For that two and a half days work we showed a profit of \$1800.

I became very eager to go again. Why once a month, why not fortnightly? I began to check the different routes you could get to the Continent. By rail and air there were a dozen of them. But Janice only smiled. We would wait a month, she said, and then she would go. That old law of averages.

Four weeks later Janice made a trip. This time we made a clear \$1600 profit. The time after I went again, this time we profited \$1500. A few months later, with another three trips to our credit, I got an okay from Janice for my Operation Kids project. I brought a station wagon and suggested to Janice that she find three or four slum kids. We'd take them on vacation, with their parents permission, to Paris. Coming back, we'd have watches packed in the floorboards.

Janice was worried. If we were caught, she said, we'd lose everything. She cited several cases where smugglers had been caught at Dover, and had been hit by disastrous fines like a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But I said the guys who had been caught had possibly made a dozen trips before that and had salted a fortune away.

We needed a few more financial partners to make the project worthwhile because Janice and I could only scrape up \$18,000 between us. Our Hatton Garden contact formed a syndicate there and put up ten thousand. Dennis, who Janice had met several times in the West End club, was interested and, aided by some pals, put up another ten thousand dollars.

With the investors money we would split fifty-fifty with them on the profits made with their dough. Janice worked like a beaver lining up three kids and getting them identity papers. We arrived in Paris with them on a Tuesday, made our contact with the Swiss dealer. Since it was a large shipping order, he had

to get further supplies from home. While we waited we took the kids out and showed them the sights. They were noisy, but fun, and quite appreciative of the good time we were giving them. Only Her Majesty's Customs was really paying.

We motored back the following Monday via Dieppe and Dover. When we disembarked from the car, the Customs' officials took one look at the happy, noisy, sun-burned kids, and waved us on after only a verbal check. Two hours later we were in London. The kids were dropped back with their parents who thanked us profusely for our kindness. That night members of the syndicate met in Janice's apartment, the buyers gave us the prices. After deducting expenses Janice and I found we had made a round \$18,000 profit.

We pulled the same deal two months later. Dennis lined up the project with some booksellers. This time we took three teenage boys from an orphanage. And this time, we brought back those smutty, yellow-covered books produced by Olympia and Ophelia Press in Paris. The deal, three hundred mixed titles of stories like "Cruel Lips", "Roman Orgy" and "The Whipping Post."

These novels, published in English in Paris, retail there for 15 New Francs. We got them for ten a piece (about two dollars) and sold them in London for twelve dollars each. Dennis took half the profits, Janice and I the rest.

I met Dennis several times. I began to like him. He was a stocky, dark-haired former jet fighter pilot who had picked up a couple of decorations for courage in Korea. He certainly didn't bear me a grudge over Janice. And he remained on good terms with her. He did warn me about Janice.

"A nice kid, Clark," he said, "they don't come any better. But she has that typical feminine failing. She's frightened of the big gamble. She had me doing those single solo trips to Paris with that damned fancy waistcoat about every six weeks. And I began to lose my nerve. I knew I couldn't get away with it indefinitely. I'd much rather stake all my cash on one big trip than do it piecemeal."

I agreed with Dennis there. No more single solo trips across the Channel for me, if I could help it. Dennis was working with a syndicate in the North of England, based on Manchester, and he was flying for them about three of four times a year, bringing stuff over from Ireland in a small de Havilland Rapide.

He couldn't cut me in on that, he told me, there was more than enough money to cover shipments in the north, but he knew several people who were shipping stuff in from small luxury yachts and fishing craft on the coast. This was big time, he said.

But before he could line this up,

Dennis ran into trouble which cost him almost all his capital. Bringing a consignment in from Ireland, he ran into bad weather and, off course, landed at Blackbushe Airport, in Hants. His Rapide was promptly seized and searched by Customs and then confiscated. Dennis got away, but he had lost his share of the cargo, plus his share of the plane. About \$45,000 in all.

He called on us at the apartment about two months later, and said he had lined up a deal with some French people who had a small motor launch, and would bring the stuff across and deliver it themselves. The cargo would be slightly more expensive than we could buy it for on the Continent, but that was reasonable enough since they were coming across the Channel.

Janice wasn't keen. She pointed out there had been several cases of hijacking after cargoes had been paid for. I pointed out that if the cargo was unloaded and paid for at night, we had no way of checking its value. Dennis had answers which covered both problems. He couldn't put up any cash, he said, but he would line up the deal, travel across the Channel on the launch and check the value of the cargo on the way. For this he would get ten percent of the profits.

Since Janice and I had made another trip to France by auto, we had a little above \$30,000 to stake. We gave Dennis expenses and sent him off to the Continent to line up the deal. He laid out the plan for us by letter. Since \$45,000 worth of cargo was involved, we brought in Jack for the balance. Jack specialized in smuggling by sea and had good contacts on the French side. He said he knew nearly everybody in the business on the Continent, trusted them like he'd trust his cat in the ice box with the cream, and advised me to come armed.

He would come with a Tommygun, he said. I was a bit worried by Jack. I didn't mention the conversation to Janice. Jack struck me as the sort of guy who would shoot first and argue who was right or wrong later.

We drove to the bay on the day of the job. We looked at the jetty, and Jack pointed to the spot where he'd have the truck waiting.

So Janice and I, arm in arm, went down there that night, and as I said earlier, were uneasy about the outcome. The path widened at the bottom. The only sounds as we approached the jetty was the yammer of seagulls and the crumble of the breakers on the shingle. The truck loomed suddenly before us, and I heard Jack's whisper.

I greeted him.

"She's already in," he said. "You can't see her, but I heard her hit the jetty just now. Good timing. Five minutes ahead of schedule."

Janice took her agreed position on the pier, near the truck where she

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	FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME			DATE OF BIRTH			HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
				MO.	DAY	YR.			
1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									

- Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?
- Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes _____ No _____
If the answer is yes, please give details _____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.
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could get in the truck easily and back it to the pier. Jack, with his Tommygun across his shoulder held by a strap, walked with me along the stone jetty.

He said, "I hope nothing goes wrong, Clark. You can never tell with these French bastards. And I'm a little worried about Dennis's angle in all this."

"What do you mean about Dennis?" I asked.

"Well, he's broke, ain't he? He could have a hi-jack deal on with these Frenchies. He takes our money and they run the yacht up the coast to the Midlands, where he has contacts, unload and sell it there."

As if I didn't have enough worries, Jack had to put that in my head. But Janice had said that Dennis was all right, she trusted him a hundred percent.

"Watch him," Jack said. "I know he's a friend of yours, but look at the facts. He lost all his cash in the airport caper. He likes the rich life, he has a lot of pride. Do you think he's going to be satisfied with the small percentage he's being paid for arranging this? How much would he get if he pulled a hi-jack? A large slice of the money here, plus another thick wedge after selling the stuff in the north. Say about \$60,000 as compared with \$6,000?"

"I see your point, Jack," I said. "But I think you could be wrong. Anyway, watch it. Watch everybody."

"That's why I'm here," Jack said. "I won't hesitate to use this burp gun if I have to."

* * *

I saw it first. A small red light. A voice came almost immediately. "That you, Clark?"

I replied, "Yes, Dennis." He emerged from the shadows to greet us, then he rapped out an order in French. We had more light as a door was opened on the deck cabin.

I heard the engine slowly ticking over, for a quick getaway should the cops arrive. We reached the plank. Jack had orders to stay on the jetty, with his gun ready. I would pay over the dough while Dennis and some of the French crew unloaded the cargo.

Two men stood on the deck. They spoke in French. Dennis said, "This is the captain. If you go down into the cabin with him, you can count over the money. I'll start moving the cargo."

I followed one of the Frenchies down into the cabin. I found I was sweating slightly. No small talk, no inquiry on whether he had a soft crossing. Just business.

I placed the bag on the table, opened it. Dark suspicious eyes peered into the bag, greedy fingers began to lift the wads of notes and flip them, then check the bundles inside. He tried to lift the bag and tip the contents. I stopped him from doing that by keeping my left hand firmly

on the neck of the bag. He looked puzzled, and he didn't understand me when I said that we would wait until the cargo had been disembarked.

But if he didn't understand, he got the point, and we stood there, each with a hand on the grip, watching each other. Then it happened. There was a shout on deck, the engine came awake from its sluggish sleep, and I felt the craft moving sideways from the quay. This seemed to be a signal to the captain. His hand came up from under his coat, and I saw a long length of ironbar.

I moved quickly. I grabbed the bag from the table, I kicked him in the knee, and I snatched my gun from my belt. He staggered, his lips peeled back in pain from my kick. And, as he did so, I swung the gun. I punched it into his stomach. He was a fat guy and I felt it sink. He billowed forward, it seemed, his eyes popping, his mouth wide, gagging for air. I hit him across the face next, and the gun's barrel opened his cheek.

With the bag grasped firmly in my left hand, I raced for the steps, and rushed onto the deck. Vaguely, further down the deck, I could see the man at the wheel. But I couldn't worry about him. The main thing, I told myself, was that I still had our dough. The only thing to do was get off the craft, but fast, before she got out too far. I couldn't see Dennis. Nor could I see anybody else but the man at the wheel.

I leaped to the side of the craft, and in the glow of the light I could see the jetty. It was already five or six yards away, and the launch was picking up speed. Taking a firm hold on the bag, I stepped to the edge and tensed myself ready to dive off. Then somebody came up behind and hit me. I felt the thump on the side of my head and, simultaneously almost, a pain in my left arm.

I was conscious that I had dropped the bag. Dazed, I tried to turn and find it. I had forgotten the gun in my right hand. Then somebody hit me violently in the back, and I was flung, spread-eagled, into the sea. I hit with a terrific crash, vomiting and spewing salt water, I made it to the jetty, where wild hands reached

for me and dragged me up onto the wall. I lay there gasping for air.

The first voice I heard was Janice's. Tremulously, she asked if I was all right. But all I could say — over and over again — was, "Those bastards, they've got the dough. All of it."

"And eighty per cent of the cargo," somebody said. It took me a long moment to recognize the voice. It wasn't Jack, it was Dennis speaking. And I had thought that Dennis pulled the double cross!

Dennis explained later. Apparently it was Jack, not Dennis, who wasn't satisfied with his cut. Jack had said how much Dennis could make if he hi-jacked the cargo and took it up north. He had made the same kind of deal, however, with the Frenchmen. Dennis had been bending over a crate when Jack, stepping up behind him had hit him with the metal butt of the Tommy-gun and then dumped him, half-conscious, onto the jetty.

That had happened just as I began my struggle with the captain. We drove back to London, and I was miserable and silent.

Dennis must have been feeling the same as he followed us in Jack's truck. But despite the financial loss, the loss in fact of all our capital, Janice didn't seem to be very unhappy.

She didn't like these big deals, she said later. She didn't like guns being carried, especially. Her argument was instead of a few months imprisonment, you could get a few years. Or, if a fight broke out and somebody died, you could get life or hang after a murder charge.

Next morning Janice woke me early. She'd prepared a lovely breakfast on a tray. The works, bacon, eggs, kidneys, toast, and oodles of coffee.

She was miling about something, too, and I couldn't guess what. Then she went to a wardrobe, came back with something behind her back, and laid them on the pillow beside me.

We were back in business.

It was my old fashioned money belt, my rust-colored vest, and my passport. ●

Letters

Continued from page 8

such a woman, I'd end my bachelor days. I'd marry her as fast as possible. The only kind of woman I have ever run into are either cold tomatoes or nymphomaniacs who can't be trusted around a man. Who needs either kind?

Angus MacD.

Geneva, N.Y.

* * *

To the Editor:

Since my husband is a regular subscriber of "Bluebook," I sometimes read it as a change from the women's magazines.

I read both the August and September issues with great interest. In August, you ran an article on "Hypnotherapy" and in September one on "Overpassionate

Women." Both of these articles leave me with a few thoughts I would like to pass on. One, I think you should have run the "Overpassionate Women" before the article on "Hypnotherapy"; and two, any man who can't cope with a passionate woman should go in for

some hypnotherapy. He definitely has problems that need solving—if an overpassionate woman is really a problem—or maybe woman ARE the stronger sex after all.

Anne G.

Corpus Christi, Texas

Deep Freeze

Continued from page 31

and grinned. "Hi, Whistlestop!" he called down. "You going to delay us too?"

"Hello there! How's my favorite flyer? Oh-oh." Marcia sobered. "I'm sorry your late. I know what it means to —"

"Yes, my child," Kent Gilman said over Tex's shoulder. "You're runner-up to a pop bottle. It cut the nose tire and we're delayed, thanks to Tex. He'll have to make up time. What is it you want?"

"I thought you spacemen could use some food," Marcia said in subdued tones, as she passed up a box.

"Thank you, my dear," Gilman said paternally. "I planned to stop in Seattle for lunch, but we can always use your spiced ham snacks. Am I correct?"

"Yes, Dad of course you are right." Marcia's eyes lingered on Tex as she added, "Be gone long?"

"Three days at the most," Gilman assured her decisively. "This is an important meeting, a science report in Anchorage. Don't worry your pretty head. You know the Centaur. It is equipped so it almost thinks. I'll keep you and Mom posted. We'll be back for Christmas, never fear."

Marcia's uneasy glance touched her father, then back to Tex. "I know it's a wonderful plane," she said seriously, "but your safety comes first. Do be careful. I hope it's only Anchorage so you'll be here for our special tree. Good luck in everything you seek." She blew a kiss to her father, then to Tex and backed away.

Tex got busy with controls for he felt Gilman impatiently breathing down his neck. He waved to Marcia, fingers crossed, and attempted an airy smile but it went completely flat. She felt something, he could tell. That one word "Anchorage" had been enough. He should never have told her about his war experiences, how deadly Arctic cold had nearly finished him once. A shiver ran along his spine as he noted the drawn expression on her lovely, oval face . . .

THE trip north along the Pacific Coast was routine after Tex finally lifted the Centaur above the bumpy storm front. Back in his special upholstered office quarters, Gilman tape recorded reports about his latest gadget which Tex had heard him mention as Snap Five — a small flatiron-like

device that converted waste into electrical energy. In the quiet of the soundproofed cabin, away from the two whistling atomic jets outside, Tex heard the dictation about radioactive polonium 210, produced by atomic reactors, and cerium 144, by-product of fission. It had something to do with geophysical research on air security in Alaska. It was rather hush-hush, with codes, keys and numbers inter-mingled. Yet big things invariably came out of the jibberish equations, discussed over international articulators, sometimes by dialectic telephone.

Tex shook his head as he thought how uncannily the Centaur operated. It did so many complex, sonic things, as if a thinking mechanical brain was wired to an electronically beating heart. A large bank of vari-colored lights changed intensity and moved singularly or in groups to foretell aerometric operations. No co-pilot or navigator were needed; even Tex's job seemed superficial, being merely a minor human incident in landing and take-off. It robot recorded and reported destination impedance, progress intermodulation, power excrescence, material trans-solution, ozone intoxicol, fuel quotient, meteor magnadistortion and a host of other Gilman-labeled operations too hard to remember.

At times Tex felt like a henpecked husband, irrevocably wedded to the domineering Centaur. For a slight lift of independence, to remove him from sheer mechanical tyranny, he had added a few improvisations of his own. Under the air-foamed seats were two Arctic survival kits: each included a parka, mukluks, hunting knife and snowshoes. There were also "package deals" — as he thought of them — for mountain, ocean and tropical emergency use. Such packs had been carefully disguised and stowed out of sight, along with a 30-30 rifle, .45 automatic and shells; they had never been used and no doubt never would be. He had never mentioned their presence to his employer.

But getting down to the human side of the equation, Tex could figure things out a little better. As he leaned toward the complicated control panel, he knew he was considered only mobile equipment, nothing more. He was ever on the alert to hop to a board or

committee meeting, anywhere, any time. He did his job well — he knew he had to — or Kent Gilman would replace him with a snap of his well-cared-for fingers. Of course Marcia's father knew of his pilot's love for his only child. It didn't take an Einstein to notice that, nor how much his daughter cared in return. Naturally Marcia loved her father — and her beautiful mother, too — and never made a move without securing parental approval first. That was the rub. Kent Gilman, when it was all sifted down, was a bottleneck to Tex's long range aspirations.

Tex thought about that as he watched ominous storm pinnacles reach up like fingers and pass below. His mother's sickness and passing had taken his ready cash and had piled up a sizable debt that he was trying to pay off. His salary was good but not sensational; once the medical and funeral bills were taken care of, there was a little airport near Anaheim that he had always dreamed of owning. With that acquired and producing, it would be time to share with a life partner, and Marcia would be his only choice.

He scratched his muscular neck and ran nervous, sensitive fingers through unruly hair. At least he was bright enough to see that Gilman didn't want his only child to be lost, in his way of thinking, to a menial flyboy. He had hopes for a princely son-in-law or at least a duke. In cleverly couched remarks by indirection, he had pointed out Tex's lack of money and limited future. Tex shook his head. His employer seemed to have forgotten his own rough beginning.

At Seattle Gilman met two executives at the airport and had a short conference. Then, since it was too early for lunch, they took off up the Pacific Coast. Tex was reminded again how their unit load of X-14 atomic fuel, another Gilman creation, was good for at least a hundred thousand miles.

Over Canada, they sampled Marcia's boxed lunch. At least on this subject they both agreed: it was delicious.

The afternoon wore on uneventfully. Gilman busied himself with notes and charts. Tex observed the changing shore line as they left the storm front behind; he watched his landmarks and knew, even as the Centaur announced it, that they were approaching their destination, Anchorage. The automatic landing lights flicked on, for it was hazy and dark, a cold north country twilight.

But this time, Kent Gilman had his plans upset. He tried to be dignified and resigned about it, but Tex could tell that he was thoroughly annoyed. His old friend, Doctor Renfrew Seton, the professor who was to have spearheaded the meeting, had been called back to his research headquarters at Point Barrow.

Obviously, the Doctor was a challenge to Gilman's insistently prodding

mind. He was a consultant to the Alaska Air Command; he had directed the Station B ice floe camp of the International Geophysical Year scientists; he was head of phenomena research for all of Alaska north of the Arctic Circle, taking in some 150,000 square miles.

They had steak dinners at the New Frontier Hotel. Tex felt better. For once, with his employer, he let down and relaxed. "I suppose," he said hopefully, "we'll head back to Burbank now, won't we? It's too bad you missed Doctor Seton."

Gilman took his time in lighting a cigar. He shook his head. "But I haven't missed the good Doctor. I don't allow vagaries of chance to upset scientific calculations. We go on to Point Barrow."

Tex's usually florid face went grey. "To — to Point Barrow, sir?" he exclaimed. "Is that what you said?"

"Of course. You know as well as I do that the Centaur can negotiate any Arctic conditions as well as temperate and tropical change. It is at home anywhere. We should be at Point Barrow by dawn, if my calculations are correct. Do you agree?"

"Yes — yes sir."

"Very well. Then let's not waste time."

Tex dragged himself to his feet, feeling as if his life's blood had been drained away. In that brief moment, when Point Barrow had been mentioned, he had gone back to Moses Point, a short hop to Bering Strait, where he had been stationed as a pilot during World War II and had barely

come out of it alive. He didn't like to think about it. He had come to detest snow and ice and the interminable life-deadening cold. He had told himself at that time that nothing, no nothing, could ever lure him back into such glacial suffering again. Yet here he was, heading straight into it, taking it and liking it, or else!

ONCE back in the snugly warm, Centaur, Tex numbly considered the galaxy of dials before him. He wanted no part of this Alaskan trip, yet he had to go and go now. There was no way of evading the issue. Finally, in near despair, he eased on the ever-present uncanny power and boosted it; the manganese-sodium wing parabolas flashed on automatically. The Centaur was quickly zooming over the dismal, snowy waste, the landing wheels curling up into their shuttering nacelles.

He leveled off above ground haze, as the sinking feeling cankered within him and refused to leave. In all directions a thin hoarfrost fog lowered to the desolate, snow-covered tundra, that stretched away like a forbidding frozen sea.

The monotony of the country and the steady subdued whistle of the twin jets helped to lull the jittery feeling in the pit of his stomach. He glanced back in a routine check. Gilman sat in his throne-like office compartment, head poised to one side, apparently performing some mental equation, somewhere off in space.

As time passed, Tex tried to relax

by munching other samples of Marcia's delectable snacks. He was leaning forward, scrutinizing a large, snowy ridge through thick plexiglass, where he believed he had seen movement, when he heard a banshee scream and was wrenched sidewise and half out of his seat. His crouched position saved him. Frigid Arctic air suddenly hissed in through cabin holes where his shoulders had been.

The port jet was wailing in a high hissing key, rifling incandescent metal into and through the Centaur's double-walled cabin and out the starboard side. Tex ducked still further, tried to grab control when the craft twisted in a left circle, the automatic pilot had gone dead.

Then everything seemed to go haywire all at once. It was as if the Centaur, disgusted with man-made material failure, decided to go to the destructive limit.

"Fasten your seat belt!" Tex yelled as he tried to adjust his own. He sent fire-smothering Azrafoam over the shattered nacelle but more flaming shrapnel spewed back in return. Then the disintegrating jet went dead, the screaming froze. The starboard power plant sputtered, slowed and, as if a god in the Arctic sky had taken the precocious Centaur by the throat, also quit its sympathetic protest.

The dim, snowy waste started a circling rise. Tex glanced behind him. Gilman's face was a furious lobster red. He was struggling for self control and control of fingers on a safety belt he had never used.

Then the Centaur hit. It was a terrific, smashing jolt, a crunching of the landing gear into the lovely golden body. The plane headed up, as on a roller coaster, then banged down on snow-covered frozen waves, to repeat the diminishing process for a long distance.

The interior of the cabin became a storm of loose equipment. Something slugged Tex in the small of the back, knocking the breath out of him. Then something else banged the side of his head, bringing a thousand colored stars; these winked out and a black, floating void closed in . . .

CONSCIOUSNESS gradually returned to Tex, where he lay in a welter of stationery, books, charts, and seat pads. Shaking his head, he groaned and struggled to get up. He turned his face to the rear of the cabin but he could see little, for all lights had gone out.

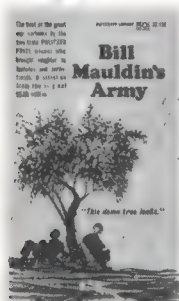
Finally locating a flashlight, he sent a questing beam around the interior. Both sides of the cabin, just beyond his seat, were perforated like the top of a salt shaker. He rolled and caught his breath as bits of razor sharp metal cut his hand. Then the roving light located his employer, who sat in the littered aisle and stared in his direction with icy disgust.

"The port turbo-compound jet dis-



"He's pretty spry for 24 . . ."

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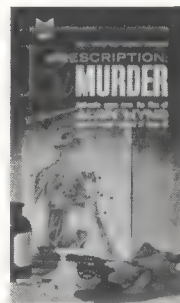


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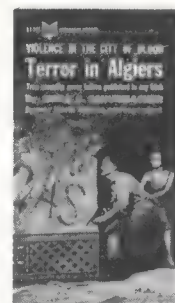


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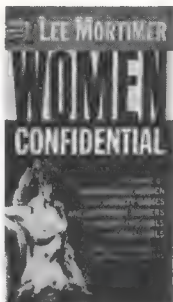


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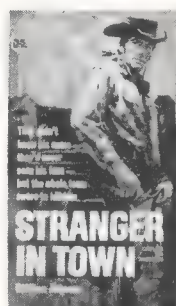


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Name

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integrated," Tex reported, indicating the myriad of wall holes.

"Thanks for letting me know," Gilman said coldly. "Don't you ever check with a photomicrograph?"

"No sir. This was either progressive or fatigue failure. No doubt forming for some time. The automatic controls never indicated it. My routine checks don't cover material analysis."

"I cannot tolerate failure in any form, Shanley. You have failed miserably. I don't suppose you know where we are. Now don't say 'Alaska'."

"The terrain indicator jammed when we crashed. It shows we are a little more than fifteen miles southeast of Point Barrow."

"What do you propose to do now?"

"Call and check procedure."

Gilman nodded grudgingly. He fingered back disheveled hair. "You surprise me. But first get on the radio phone and ask for a ski plane from Umiat. Have you thought about a possible bush pilot? An emergency brings out deficiencies in people rather quickly, does it not?"

"Yes sir," Tex wiped his sweating hand, tried the phone, the radio and the oscillographer, the latter an automatic Gilman gadget that used a pre-dictated tape for emergency use. Shaking his head he said, "The entire electrical system is dead."

"Well, let's not be helpless. How about some heat? It is getting colder rapidly, as I assume you have noticed. Cover up those wall holes."

After surveying the hundreds of small, ragged openings, Tex burrowed under an aisle seat and then under his own. He drew out two survival kits, unzipped their containers and dumped the contents. From one he drew out hide pants, wool sox and sturdy muklak boots.

"I thought I mentioned heat," Gilman said icily.

"As I just told you, there is no electrical current. The atomic energizer is ruptured. You'll have to use one of these survival kits if you want to stay alive. In addition to these socks, pants and boots, there are deerskin parkas, fur mittens, face shields, hunting knives and folding snowshoes. I've got a forty-five automatic, a thirty-thirty rifle and some shells. Better put your outfit on now. This cold cuts in fast. I know. Oh, how I know."

Gilman finally seemed to resign himself to the inevitable and put on the Eskimo equipment. Tex was fairly sure of what was going through the super brain. The beautiful Gilman-created Centaur, tired of global conquests, had become a traitor.

Tex's eyes gradually grew accustomed to the grey twilight that neither lightened nor deepened. He slipped a sheathed knife on his belt and pocketed the shells. He then detached the craft's compass from the twisted bank of glass-cracked instruments and wrapped it in a kit cover. Sticking the automatic under his belt

he picked up the rifle and stepped outside, sinking to his knees in powdery white.

"Come on, Mr. Gilman," he said, as he adjusted his snowshoes. "We've got to make an effort or freeze. I detest this country more than you do. I have good reason."

Gilman finally went out the cabin door, white faced and stiff from sitting. He floundered in the soft, cushiony snow, until his pilot positioned the snowshoes and attached them to his feet.

Tex then led the way and they started plodding. Hour followed numbing hour. It seemed as if they were between two layers of a somber grey-white pall that stretched ahead interminably.

The following morning — Tex figured — the wind began to blow. It steadily increased, swirling the fine, white crystals in eddies. Soon it was blowing at gale force. Tex swung around and indicated his curved face shield that was lined with fur, with slots for eyes and nose. Gilman swiveled his down. Leaning into the wind they staggered on.

The gale grew in force, jetting the snow parallel with the uneven tundra, stinging and prying for parka crevices. Visibility gradually lessened to yards, then to feet. When Tex drew a deep breath it seemed that a razor-sharp knife cut into his windpipe and sliced his lungs.

When Gilman slowed and finally slipped and fell, Tex padded back and tried to help him up. Gilman savagely shook him off. He pushed up his face shield and stepped closer. He gave his pilot a long, tight-lipped stare. His right mittened fist shot up and caught Tex on the side of the head. Tex staggered back, tripped and sprawled in the snow. Gilman managed to loosen the thongs of one snowshoe, snatched it up and tried to use it as a club.

"Shanley, you fool!" he snapped, his breath pistons of vapor, "if we ever get out of this I'll have you flight blacklisted. Of all the incompetent hedgehoppers I've ever known, you're the worst. This entire mess is your fault."

Tex rolled, evaded the snowshoe and slowly got to his feet. He shook his head and stood there weaving, fighting to get his temper under control. He knew Gilman was beyond reasoning with. Finally he adjusted his parka hood, turned and started out again.

Time dragged by slowly as they plodded in the swirling, blinding curtain of white. Tex stumbled finally against an ice ridge, the lee side near them heavily banked with snow. "We'll have to hole in here until things clear," he decided wearily. He got to his knees, rested, then started burrowing into the feathery smother; underneath he found hard-packed snow. This he scooped, excavated, patted and scooped some more, until he had a sizable cavity with a small

entrance.

"Come on," he told Gilman, breathing heavily. "Take off your snowshoes and crawl in. Try not to enlarge the opening. I have my reasons, whether you give me that much credit or not."

The cave was somewhat like an igloo, once they were inside. Tex scooped more snow and partly filled the entering hole. It gave protection from the frigid, knifing wind.

Removing his mittens, fingers tingling, Tex opened the drill cover and brought out the ball-socket compass that he had removed from the instrument panel. With his hunting knife he made a hole in the plastic top and down thorough the floating dial. Unraveling a length of wool yarn from his sock, he doubled and twisted it into a wick, which he inserted into the holes he had made. After he had worked the wick down and it had become moist with compass fluid, he lit it with his pocket lighter, which fortunately still worked.

"I hope it's an alcohol-oil utility mix," Tex said tiredly. "It will act like an Eskimo seal oil lamp if all goes well."

HOUR after hour went by; the snow cave finally became a little less frigid, for the small, improvised heater seemed to work. Gilman had nothing to say as they lay there, elbow to elbow. Tex dozed fitfully, turned and dozed again. He jerked awake finally, believing he had heard soft footfalls outside. He listened, then was sure of it. Grabbing the rifle, he enlarged the entrance at bit, then crawled outside.

The wind seemed to have lessened, with the snowfall thinning out. He put on his snowshoes and then struggled along the icy ridge, climbing the hummocked cakes. Suddenly he spotted what he sought. Levering in a shell, he sighted and fired. One caribou snorted, turned and loped away. The other quickly followed. Tex fired again to no avail.

As he turned back toward the snow cave, his right snowshoe slid into an ice crack and turned over. He fell hard; pain bloomed in his ankle and traveled up his leg.

With difficulty he got to his feet and limped back to temporary shelter. Sitting down outside the entrance he tried to massage the torture away. "The blizzard has eased off," he called to Gilman inside and grimaced. "We better get along. Mr. Gilman, do you hear me?"

Gilman finally crawled out, stonily silent. They started snowshoe plodding again, Tex trying to carry most of his weight on his good left foot. His fingers and toes were numbing now, a bad sign.

The snowfall eased still more and finally ceased as the wind went down. Visibility increased in the brightening hoarfrost haze. Tex could see that they were still on forsaken snow tundra. Then he thought he saw movement again.

In a few minutes he was sure. He raised his frosted face shield for a better look, then lowered it, for the brighter glare was too much for unprotected eyes. He watched, crouching low, as the form approached and grew larger. It was a caribou, and as it ran closer he could see two smaller forms loping after it.

"Get down," he warned as he checked his rifle. "We could use meat better than those wolves. We'll be needing it, raw if necessary. Down please, Mr. Gilman. Don't let them see us or they'll veer off."

Closer up the caribou reached deeper snow and slowed down. The grey wolves, large, rangy and emaciated looking, were persistent. They closed in, dropped back, then circled and closed in again. They lunged and snapped at the caribou's hind legs, evidently trying to hamstring it so it would go down.

They were headed directly toward Tex when the caribou snorted, tossed its head, changed course and plunged off at a tangent. Tex raised his rifle, sighted, then gave up. It was a rump shot and would do no good. The two wolves stopped in their tracks and stared in Tex's direction. They lowered their heads to the snow, then raised their noses to the sky, no doubt trying to get this new scent. Finally they took off again after their intended victim.

Tex massaged his fingers inside his mittens and straightened up. "Well," he said resignedly, turning around, "There goes our breakfasts, dinners and —" He stopped and stared. Gilman was standing up in full view, face shield hinged back, intently watching the wild pursuit.

"Just why, Mr. Gilman," Tex asked evenly, limping back, "did you have to show yourself and scare that Alaskan reindeer away?"

"Very interesting psychology," Gilman said looking contemptuously at Tex. "Of course I am as hungry as you are, but it is primitive regimentation, so to speak. Just carry on, Shanley. You are doing a splendid job of getting us nowhere," he finished absently.

"Personal survival," Tex said, flipping back his face shield, "is more important right now than academic research. I'm trying to get us out of this alive."

For an answer Gilman took a quick step forward his expression was savage, his temper wildly out of control. He slammed a right flat to Tex's stomach, then a left hook to the side of his jaw. Tex doubled up in pain. Gilman then battered both sides of his pilot's lowered head with clenched mittened hands.

Tex tried to roll with the blows, but he was stiff and clumsy. When he finally managed to stumble out of range, he straightened slowly, parka hood back, head bare. There was a hard, muscle-knotted expression on his stubbled face.

"The veneer of culture is pretty

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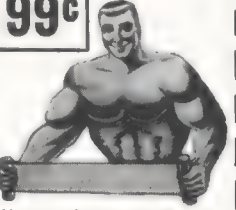
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thin, isn't it, Mr. Gilman?" he said evenly. "Primitive conditions bring out the wildcatter again. I have always —"

Gilman lunged savagely and tried for another right cross. Tex side-stepped and ducked, this time warned and ready. He did not ball his fists. He had no desire to fight Marcia's father even now, but he had had enough. Too many things had stacked up. He slashed in on the side of Gilman's neck with a mittened hand-edge chop, another to the bridge of his nose, a third — the hardest — to the solar plexus. Gilman wilted in his tracks.

Tex shook his head, long and sorrowfully. "That," he said to himself, "certainly did it. There went everything I've been working for, so long and so hard. What a curdled cornball I've turned out to be."

WHEN Gilman finally stirred and staggered to his feet, Tex started limping ahead again with an all-gone feeling under his belt. He checked to see that his employer — rather ex-employer now — was following. He was certainly finished as a Gilman pilot but for Marcia's sake he would try and see her father through.

As he mushed slowly ahead, the snow grew shallow. Lichen that the caribou fed upon began to appear in spots. As Tex began to slip and slide, he became aware of patches of ice. He removed his snowshoes and found walking a little easier but with no relief from pain.

Visibility seemed to increase in the thinning twilight haze. Shading his shielded eyes, he thought he could see smoke far away, in a thin vapory

plume. He pointed it out to Gilman, who stopped and stared through face shield slits but said nothing.

Then Tex noticed something else. Some distance behind Gilman two wolves crouched low in the snow. They had blended so well with the landscape that they had approached unseen, like wraiths of the Arctic Circle.

"Look behind you," Tex said then. "Your primitive regimentation is back again. I've got three shots for the forty-five and three more for the rifle. Go ahead toward that smoke and I'll bring up the rear. We haven't any time now for academic study."

With his ankle now so painful that walking was teeth-gritting torture, Tex began to have qualms about this whole miserable Alaskan business. He hadn't wanted any part of it to begin with, God only knew; except for the short pause in the snow cave they had been continually stumbling along in the sub-zero cold, how cold he didn't rightly know but around fifty below would be a conservative guess.

"That must be Point Barrow," he said finally, as he plunged and slipped, trying to keep his balance. He made a tired gesture toward the smoke plume far ahead that now flattened out in surface mist. "Our direction is okay if we can only get there in time."

There were now six big emaciated wolves following their trail. Tex heard a querulous howl far back; the distant flurry of snow indicated more followers were catching up.

"Got your hunting knife with you?" he asked.

Gilman nodded.

"Good. Get it out to do a little slashing if one of them comes too

close. Believe me, Gilman, you can't hire anybody to do it for you now."

Four more wolves presently joined the main pack. Now ten strong and emboldened, they started to dash in, feint and fall back, then circle and swoop in from either side. Once the white-toothed jaws of an especially bold killer grazed the mitten of Tex's hand. He shot it in the chest. It was immediately buried under a convulsing mound of snarling, rending forms.

Three more times Tex waited his chance and brought down a victim each time. The wolves repeated their insane, ripping tactics, seemingly enjoying the survival of the fittest by the destruction of helpless in-laws.

Tex finally drew up on the snow-spotted ice. His last two shots failed to kill. He grimaced and shook his head as he hitched his weight, trying to keep footing on slick glaze. "Well, Gilman," he said resignedly, "there's only one thing left to do and then we've had it. See if you can be a little useful and keep the devils back for a minute."

He reached under his parka and brought out his double-edged hunting knife. Pushing up his left sleeve, he made a slight cut on his forearm that brought blood. He smeared the blade in the bright red gore that quickly glazed and froze.

"Give me you knife," he said then extended his hand. "Make it snappy. These killers are waiting to see what we're up to but they won't wait long." Gilman drew out his knife and offered it, far to Tex's left. Tex saw then that the face shield was up again, that Gilman couldn't see. He had gone snow-blind.

Muttering under his breath, Tex took Gilman's weapon and frenziedly chipped a hole in the ice. He stuck his blood-treated knife in it, handle downward, point upward. Packing ice fragments around the grip he pounded the piece solid with his empty automatic. Weaving and stumbling, he limped ahead a dozen paces and repeated the process with Gilman's knife, only this time smearing the blade after chipping the ice hole and packing the grip in place.

Tex was barely able to stand as he straightened up, backed away and tried to lead Gilman to more tractionable snow. His feet seemed like numbed stumps; no longer was there any sensation in his fingers. He had an almost overpowering urge to sit down and rest forever. Up ahead, far away toward the smoke smudge, he thought he saw movement on the snow. It looked like somebody with a dog team but he couldn't be sure.

With no ammunition and no knives now, he looked back fearfully toward the killers that were edging closer for a concerted charge. He mouthed a fervent prayer that what he had done might work.

One of the hulking leading wolves started ahead in a half-crouch, staring eyes intent on the two-footed



victims, when he became aware of the upended knife before him. Apparently, blood was irresistible ambrosia, for he licked the blade and in licking it cut his tongue. Two smaller grey-white marauders crept in, fought for a taste and became crazed. They started to fight over the slavered, bloody steel that appeared to be a fountain of delicious, crimson fluid. The threesome became a ripping, slashing, maelstrom of vengeful hate. Another wolf found the second knife, whetted its appetite and gormandized on its own life's blood. Others tore in to share the feast.

"Come closer, Gilman, if you can make it," Tex rasped weakly as he sank slowly to his knees. "I've still got the rifle to use as a club if one of those—" He slumped in complete exhaustion and consciousness ebbed away...

DOCTOR Seton lighted his pipe and waved a calloused hand. "It's just a rough quonset hut I have here," he explained genially, in an odd grating but mellow voice. "It joins the clapboard clinic."

Tex sat in a big, worn leather chair near a glowing, oil-fed, pot-bellied stove. An old blue sweater had replaced his parka. Gilman was stretched out on a colorfully blanketed wall bunk, his eyes bandaged.

The energetic Doctor got up on bowed legs. He lifted the grey enameled coffee pot from the stove top and added steaming liquid to graniteware cups. He was short and thickset, wearing brown corduroy pants and a heavy tan turtleneck sweater. He reminded Tex of a Newfoundland dog, with grey-streaked brown hair, a line, weathered face and grey eyes that crinkled with good humor.

"Yes," the Doctor went on, "over the years I became an authority on pack ice. I lived with the Eskimos, mastered their language and won their respect. I started on Little Diomed Island, with Soviet territory only three miles away. In World War II, I taught Arctic survival to Army Air Corps pilots."

"So you are that Doctor Renfrew Seton I heard so much about," Tex exclaimed. "I used one of your survival ideas back there on the ice. It was a good thing somebody saw us. We wouldn't have made it."

"Oh, yes, you would have, son," Doctor Seton assured him. "It's only three miles to that carnage spot, but in your spent condition it would seem a lot more. Goluk, one of my boys, picked you up. He was cutting across on his mail run. You had taken care of all those wolves. He shot the last one which was only crawling."

"Wonderful Goluk," Tex said, looking at his bandaged hands. "Not to change the subject, but do you think I'll keep my fingers?"

"Both of you are lucky," the stolid professor said. "Your ankle is nothing

serious if you keep it tightly bandaged. Nobody's going to lose any fingers or toes. K.O.'s eyes will be prying into my secrets inside of three days."

"K.O.?" Tex asked. "Oh sure. Glad his eyes are okay."

"Yes, K.O.," Gilman said, getting up from the bunk and feeling his way nearer to the stove. "Renny is the savior of the Arctic wastes, here at Point Barrow. He was in a survey crew back in the days when I was working pipe line in southern Texas."

Doctor Seton chuckled deep in his throat and made a smoke ring. "You were a good looking, conniving go-getter even then. You married my sweetheart."

Gilman laughed then, easy and relaxed. "The best investment I ever made. You've done more with less than I ever hope to accomplish. I've done a lot of thinking while I've literally been in the dark. I've been hopping around the world working for gain, buying people and material things, instead of giving. It looks like the guidance of Providence that you were here to set me right."

Tex stared, mouth partly open, as he listened to this amiable stranger. He couldn't believe his ears. Gilman must be out of his mind, his brain frostbitten.

"The same old Renny," Gilman said, nodding. "Naturally I want to hear more about that geophysical research, but it can wait. Right now I want to ask a very humble pardon from a wonderful guy. This one right here, my pilot."

Tex was still so amazed that he sought vainly for words.

"Do you hear me, Tex?" Gilman asked. "Are you there?"

"Ye-yes, of course," Tex said, "I'm here. But what's got into you? You were trying to polish me off awhile back."

Gilman shook his head, laughed and held up his hand. "I don't blame you for thinking that. I would too, in your place. I was selfish and vindictive. Loss of the Centaur was quite a blow. I blamed you for it. It all came out finally. I lost complete control of myself. Later you did a very efficient job of chopping me down to size. I am ashamed, so very much ashamed. Tex, can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, of course I can forgive," Tex said slowly, "if that's what you want. Maybe I got you safely through, but

I rather give credit to the good Doctor here. At least I'm through as your flyboy. I don't think I'm brainy enough or social register enough to suit you. I'll get a little old airport and struggle along by myself."

"But Tex, I'm retracting all I said and all I did — if the latter were possible," Gilman said, a new and earnest frankness vibrant in his voice that Tex had never heard before. He started to tear off the eye bandage, then stopped. "We'll have another and better Centaur. Not only do I want you to continue as my pilot, but as an associate in Gilman Enterprises. I've underestimated you."

Tex shook his head, got up, favoring his bandaged ankle, and turned his back to the toasting warmth of the stove. "You've been top dog too high and too long. Why come down to the level of a bumbling hedge-hopper?"

Gilman shook his head in perplexity. "I don't know how to say it then," he said sadly. "I really mean this."

Doctor Seton cleared his throat. "You don't want him to get down on his knees," he said gently, "do you, son?"

"I will," Gilman said quietly, "if I have to. I know how Marcia feels about you, Tex. I've been wrong. I wanted to hold onto my baby. Why don't you get in touch with her now and tell her we are safe, that there is nothing to worry about? Do you think our girl would be interested in managing your home base?"

"I think Whistlestop would, if you left it up to her," Tex rummaged in his pocket. "Sorry, but I haven't any change for a phone call."

The Doctor grunted, amused, and drew on his pipe. "Your money's no good, son," he said, exhaling, "but your credit is. Didn't you know that there is a fifty dollar bounty for every wolf killed? A good pelt also brings sixty dollars. You have over three hundred coming. You can't spend it because we have special short wave equipment. Use it and welcome. It's in the clinic there, through that door. Don't break it down."

"I won't," Tex said thoughtfully, limping in its direction. "I'll leave it up to Marcia's good judgment whether or not this is a Christmas freeze out."

"So be it," Kent Gilman repeated. "Good luck, my boy." ●

Bluebook Beat

Continued from page 10

Carburetor overhaul: Taking apart, cleaning and repairing—\$6 to \$10, plus parts, for a six, up to \$15 for an eight.

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Here's how a couple of commonly-

used expressions came into being, according to a book called "Comfortable Words" by Bergen Evans, which we've just read:

"Putting on the dog"—This expression used to describe dressing up with unusual splendor originated about

1870 as a piece of college slang. It was a reference to the high stiff collar (which was called a dog collar) then indispensable to formal wear. Ladies' diamond chokers were also called "dog collars", as were the heavily braided collars of military officers' uniforms.

"Bringing home the bacon"—The allusion is to a flitch of bacon which was offered annually at Dunmow, a village in England, to any person who would kneel at the church door and swear that he was happily married. In particular, he had to swear that for a year and a day he and his wife had not quarreled and that at no time during the preceding year had he wished himself unmarried. Between 1244 and 1772—a period of more than 500 years—the bacon was awarded only eight times.

Don't count on drinking coffee to sober up in a hurry after drinking. Two Indiana University pharmacologists have found that caffeine works to prolong the effects of alcohol rather than dampen them. They started to measure how much of an effect caffeine had on alcohol—how much more quickly a person would sober up with coffee than without. They made their tests on rats. They gave half of the rats enough alcohol to impair their

thought processes, and the other half the same amount of alcohol plus caffeine.

Then the rats were placed in a box with two doorways. If they chose the proper door when a light went on, they escaped unharmed. If they chose the wrong door, they went into a room where they would receive an electric shock. The two researchers thought the rats with the caffeine would react more quickly than those fed only alcohol. Actually, they found, the opposite was true.

The studies were then extended to humans and the preliminary results indicate it works the same way on man as on rats.

There are now about 120-million cars, trucks and buses on the world's roads. They're all in the same block, too, whenever I'm looking for a place to park.

The Army's developing a one-man, hand-held radar that can pick-up a target on the move more than a mile away. It weighs just 10 pounds and produces an audible signal when an object passes through its invisible beam. Aimed like a flashlight, it's effective in fog or at night. It'll be used for front-line surveillance missions.

War is Hell

Continued from page 42

exactly the same action as when you drive the heel of your hand along the water at the bathing beach. Only an 88 doesn't give you the opportunity to splash back, hit the dirt, or pray.

The explosion had come from across the drainage ditch to the column's left and had hit exactly in front of a now nondescript soldier who had been standing next to a disabled Jeep. The soldier was now lying there torn, singed, and smoldering, his face soot black. He looked like someone had put a blowtorch to his uniform. There were no flames, just smoldering black. "Medic," Grabner shouted. "Go take a look at that man."

With no more than a sideward glance, everyone kept moving forward. The Kid's teeth snapped into the chocolate with a nervous vengeance as the column turned off the road along with the friendly tank tracks several hundred yards in front of the hill.

The mound-like hill was larger than it looked from a distance and not quite as steep. It sloped up gently for several hundred feet, leveled out for another several hundred and then sloped gently upward for another two or three hundred feet. The three companies halted on the ledge. There were few trees left standing on the hill — none of them whole — or anything else. Just a

wild, ragged hedge blocking the view where the hill sloped upward again. The hill was the uppermost part of a valley which stretched out north and south as far as the eye could see. It was the most beautiful of the French valleys the Kid had yet seen. A foggy range of pastel colors sleepy and peaceful.

J Company was getting into position on the left and K Company on the right. Some of the men with muscle left — or a strong inclination for survival — began to dig in. Grabner stopped them. As soon as the tanks moved into position, the attack would begin. They were momentarily waiting for three of the new tank destroyers with the new 90s mounted on them. Before anyone could voice the wish maybe they'd never get there, the new T.D.s could be seen and heard moving slowly along the road toward the hill. The slower the better — tanks and tank destroyers invited artillery fire. The new 90s with the big flash-hider looked just like the German 88.

Everyone was nonchalantly sitting around looking away from the top of the hill discussing the muzzle velocity of the new 90s — they were supposedly the equal of the 88. No one was especially enthused when at last the T.D.s arrived on the ledge and pulled up in front of the hedge. The voices fell quiet as several hundred

stomachs steeled themselves.

The Kid's Captain — who looked like the postwar picture of the All American Boy but with a dirty face and dirty problems — approached the Kid in that half-walk half-run of his. "Your squad leader took off," the Captain said. "You want the job?"

"My turn?" asked the Kid.

"Yeah."

"Okay."

"Spread your squad out between the machines," the Captain said. "I'll give the signal to move out."

Usually they moved forward walking in the tank tracks because a tank will knock out anything underground that'll take out a man. Shoe mines and the like. The Captain caught the question in the Kid's eyes. "Today we've got to look like more," he said. That was all the Captain said and that was enough.

The men fanned out between the tanks and T.D.s.

The Captain was standing alongside one of the heavy muzzled new 90s later and, after he checked left and right and his watch, he waved his arm toward the top of the hill. "Let's move out," he shouted. "And keep an eye out for our own troops."

The tank treads turned maintaining walking speed and the human and steel line plowed through the battered hedge. There was no time to be scared. There is not time to be frightened when you're looking for death in six directions all at once. Their metallic thunder began just after they crossed the hedgerow. All-confusing hell broke loose. It hesitated for a moment when the human part of the advancing line got a good look at what was on the other side of the hedge. A good part of D and E Companies were spread out motionless all over the several hundred feet of brown dirt-and-gravel slopes in front of them. For a moment, except for the tank and T.D. engines, all was deathly still. But they kept on rolling among and past the motionless, gesturing bodies.

An 88 thundered into the tank a hundred feet to the Kid's left and it ground to a halt black smoke and men belching out of it. The men took off to the rear. The Kid had just turned his head back front when all the noise abruptly stopped, his breath came hard for an instant, and everything went black with a terrible buzzing and he was lifted off his feet and left floating.

For a few moments it was night. That kind and time of night when it all sleeps, when no wind blows fair or foul. Then the noise and confusion cut itself off from the Kid completely.

When his vision focused again, the Kid was lying there halfway up the top part of the hill and the company and tanks were disappearing over the crest. "Hey!" he hollered after them, waving his arm. "Stop! Don't leave me here — Goddamnit, somebody help me. I'm hit!"

But they kept right on going and the Kid had joined the litter of broken bodies and firearms on the ground. He immediately thought of the man who had been hit standing alongside the Jeep and he wondered if that's what he looked like. He lay there motionless for a few minutes cursing the heartless bastards who had gone off and left him there. Then he thought of getting to his feet and to the rear. When he tried to put pressure on his left foot and leg in the attempt to get up, he realized the end of his left leg was all mush. It's broken, he thought. That's all. It's broken. A piece of shrapnel must've hit me on the ankle because that's where the pain is. A slight pain at that.

He had to struggle to get himself to look. Anderson came to his mind. Anderson had come to lying in a doorway with his own leg laying on his chest. And at last when the Kid did look, he lay down again quickly. He had to fight the panic. The feeling of dread. "Easy," he told himself out loud. "Take 'er easy. A million dollar wound. That's what it is. Now I'll go back. Back and breathing. Back to booze and broads and whatever else there's to go back to. At least I'm alive, aren't I? I'm not like Draben lying back there. I saw. I saw the medic lean down over Draben and then straighten up and move on. I'm better off than that, aren't I? I'll still be around to celebrate my 19th birthday, won't I? Your damn right!"

After he thought he had control of himself, he took another look. There was no dreaming around it. It was gone. The whole bottom half of the combat boot was gone and everything that had been in it. It

was slowly dripping blood. The heel was sagging down and the bones, the phalanges and metatarsals, were sticking out of the oozing red mass.

He was at the point of panic again when first he heard the man in the tank. It was a half moan, half scream. "Poor bastard," he said toward the tank. "Must be stuck in there — I'm better off than him, ain't I?"

He tried to forget the man in the tank and quickly checked over the rest of himself. He treated his left leg as if it belonged to someone else. His right leg seemed to be all right along with his right hand. He could taste blood on his upper lip, but he could move it all right. His left hand was black and bleeding but he could move it, too. I must've stepped on a shoe mine, he thought.

A feeling of dread took hold again when he became aware of a numbness in his right leg and in his crotch. He quickly sat up, unzipped, and examined himself. He breathed a sigh of relief. That part of him, at least, was intact. The numbness must've been the result of the concussion.

"MEDIC!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. There was nothing wrong with his lungs, either. But there was no response to his call. Only from the agony within the smoking tank. "They didn't have to leave him either," he mumbled out loud. Then he screamed it. And he was ashamed. Then quiet.

The kid removed the drawstring from around the waist of his combat jacket and tied it on his leg just above the knee. Wasn't bleeding very much, he thought. But why take chances? The blast must've ruptured the veins. I'm going back, Goddamnit, I'm not going to bleed to death. I've got it made. If only the guy in the tank'd keep quiet. "It won't help,"

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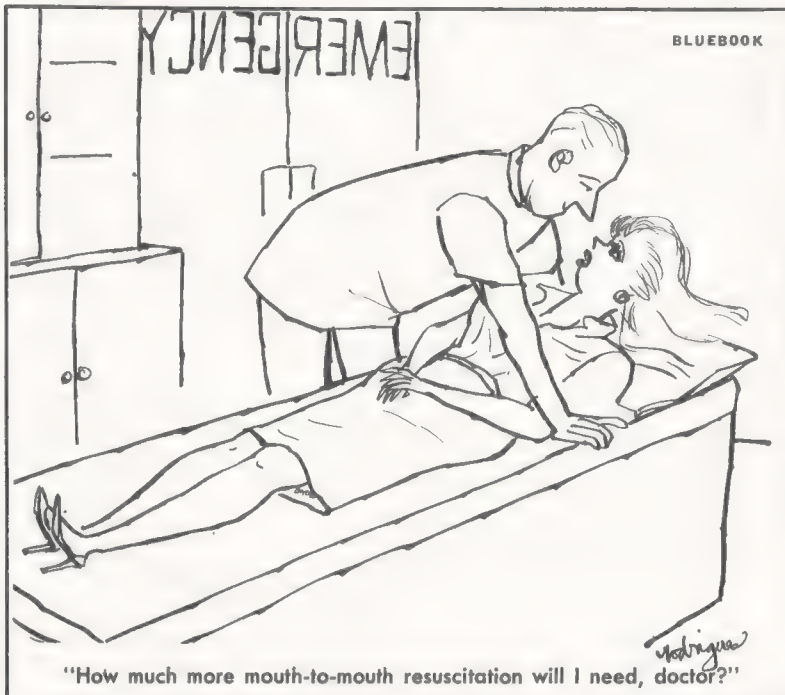
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"How much more mouth-to-mouth resuscitation will I need, doctor?"

the Kid shouted over. "Save your damn breath for breathing."

The man in the tank kept right on. The Kid checked over the hill again and the valley to the left. The only movement he could detect to the rear — the direction from which help would have to come — was the smoking tank. The voice from within the tank was growing weaker. Up the hill, across a hundred feet of bodies, there was another man in much the same condition he was. The other man was moaning and waving his arm back and forth, but was lying with his head pointed down the hill and the Kid couldn't see who it was. *Where in the hell was the Goddamn medic?* The Kid layed there and cursed the medics every damn one of them. He cursed the one who ran off and didn't take care of him and the ones who would come pussy-footing up and be afraid to cross into the mine field. Where the hell were they?

Now that he had it made was he going to lie there and die of bleeding and shock? The 88 knifed its way into his thought and hit about ten feet on front of the knocked out tank. The second one, about 30 seconds later, hit the tank directly and the suffering man inside quieted, then quit and the Kid found himself in a new panic. "What if one of those Goddamn things land on me?" he said out loud. "I don't want to die now. The War is over for me. I'm going back. I've got a million dollar wound.

It wouldn't be fair — well, God-damnit, would it?"

He quickly stripped himself of ammo and cooking utensils and made plans to crawl to the crest of the hill. It would be the safest place but he figured he had to do it while he yet had the strength. Although he couldn't locate the position of the enemy gun, he figured the crest would be the least likely place an 88 would hit. And he began to crawl. Drag would be a better word. It was then the air support for the attack came in. The little specks came whining down out of the cold blue with an ominous droning. The Kid could tell they were his own kind because of the patches of bright orange same as the tanks. "No! For Christ's sake, no!" he screamed at them. "Not now, not now! Those are our guys in the town!"

But they didn't drop whatever they were going to drop, nor did they strafe. They must've spotted the colors when they got down close and they pulled up and took off.

The Kid continued his arduous journey to the crest. He had a little indentation up there all picked out. He'd made about ten feet when it hit him. It sawed its way into the thinking part of his brain. What if he crawled onto one of the shoe mines? They were planted a half-inch or less underground and the pressure from a little finger was enough to set one off. He stopped in a cold sweat and

glanced over at the headless body to his right which was peacefully draped over a cloverleaf mortar shell case and tried to turn back the feeling of contemplation and dread. He inched his way back to where he'd gone down. He knew for sure there was no shoe mine on that spot. His leg was beginning to pain. He felt light headed and it was mixed with an overwhelming hopelessness. He felt himself giving up to despair. It was a feeling that began in his stomach and was moving on up into his throat. The feeling seemed to want to choke off his breath and the harder he fought for his breath the more difficult it came.

"Hey!" a voice said. "Take 'er easy, Kid. I'm here." Then, "Jee-see Christ!"

The voice sounded to the Kid as if it were going to cry. It was his personal friend the medic, and he had come to help. The medic tore his gaze from the chaos spread out on the hill and looked the Kid over.

"The main action started a couple of miles to the east of here," the medic said, cracking open a first aid kit. "An hour after you guys took off over this hill —"

"Have I been here an hour?" the Kid began to say, but the medic cut him off.

"There's no time for jawin'," he said. "I'm gonna give you morphine. Our guys are holed up in the town. It's a real pile a bricks. There's a couple a 88s out there we're havin' trouble locatin'. You keep quiet and stay put an' you'll be a'right, you hear? An' don't keep the string too tight too long, y'hear? I'm goin' back t' fetch the litter bearers. I won't forget y', y'hear?"

He dusted the Kid's leg with sulfa powder, folded his pack and placed it under his head, took another look around the hill, and repeated, "Jee-see Christ!" Then he took off just as quickly and quietly as he had come.

Almost immediately the Kid became drowsy. The whole business seemed not so bad. "I got 'er made. Y'r damn right I got 'er made! The whole war is over for me. Yessir. An' when the medics come I'm gonna wave 'em right over t' m' buddies. They can take me last. I'm plenty okay. I got 'er made. Yessir . . ."

For an indefinite period of time he wasn't aware of time or anything else. There were no problems. There was no war. There were no bodies. No pain. No screams. It was all a mist. A pastel mist. The war was over. He had 'er made . . .

"Kid —"

The Kid snapped part way out of his drowse and turned to the voice. It was Grabner crouching about 50 feet to his left. Grabner's pant leg had been torn off at the hip and his thigh was heavily bandaged. The white was soaked with red. Even him, the Kid thought. Even lucky.

"Kid," Grabner said. "What'n hell are you still doing here? Hold on. I'll send help. Most of the guys are



"In the interest of international relations, dear, I think you should accept one of their kind invitations . . ."

holed up okay. The Captain got it bad. I can't figure this deal at all. Ain't nothin' over there 'cept a pile of nothin'. I'll get help back here for you right away. Hold on . . ."

"See y' . . ."

Grabner limped off — it was almost a hop — dragging his leg. Even him. The Kid hoped it was bad enough so they'd have to send Grabner back. Otherwise, Grabner'd insist on re-joining the group. That was Grabner. He hated the whole business; a man could see it in his grey eyes — possibly hated it more than anyone else — but he realized his value, and his duty. There went a man.

It wasn't long before he could feel the leg coming back to life and he began to wonder if everyone had forgotten just where the hell the hill was. He was watching downhill, but the commotion came from the crest. From slightly to the left of the top, two men came noisily over, half crouching, half running. It was sure as hell a Jerry. The Kid's old friend panic touched him again and he began looking for his BAR. "I'll get even as many times as there are Jerrys coming over that hill," he said out loud.

But the second man was Sergeant Sample from K Company, limping, cursing, 45 pistol in hand, the Jerry noncom his prisoner. The Jerry had his hands on top of his head and was doing a half Russian dance as Sample prodded him along with his 45. They had made it to within 50 feet of the knocked out tank when the men on the 88 detected their movement. A shell came barreling in and landed slightly to the left of the tank. The Jerry straightened up, hands now high in the air, and took off full gallop toward the bottom of the hill. "Halt! Goddamnit, halt!" Sample called out. The Jerry ran even faster. Sample pulled up, leveled his pistol arm hurriedly, and emptied the 45 at the fleeing man. Sample must've been so damn mad it threw his aim off, the Kid thought. Sample missed with every single shot. And him the one the Kid'd seen pop telephone wires with that 45. The Kid reached for the BAR and watched the running enemy as he sighted down the barrel. It wasn't a new sight. His finger brushed the trigger. Then his finger jammed against the trigger. But nothing happened. The result of the exploding mine must've fouled up the works and he watched the running Jerry throw himself through the hedge. "God-damn," cursed the Kid. "Poor God-damn Jerry's scared just like the rest of us. Scared of his own artillery!" The Kid began to laugh hysterically and then he threw down the BAR and laid back down on the brown earth trembling.

"Where, oh where," he mumbled, "is the monster we've been taught to hate and fear—was that him running through the hedge? Could it be that poor bastard diving through the

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hedge?"

He didn't even hear them when at last they came. They were silent and purposeful, but he caught their movement out of the corner of his eye. Those big red crosses on the helmets looked wonderful. The Kid felt like cheering. They stopped just inside the hedge and looked around. There were six of them. The Kid decided not to play hero and waved his arm and shouted. "Here! Over here!" Two of them took off toward him in a trot, unmindful of what was underfoot. "Stay in the tank tracks," the Kid shouted at them. He didn't know if he was worried for them or worried maybe they'd get hurt and not be able to take him out. But the medics didn't hesitate and came to the Kid in a direct line. The first thing the tall skinny one with the long face did was give him another shot of morphine. They rolled him onto the litter and the Kid held his breath until they'd cleared the mine field and hedge. When they laid him on the Jeep at the foot of the hill, he was feeling no worry or pain. He was going to make it out. "I'm out of it!" he mumbled over and over to himself. "I'm out of it!"

The three litter-covered Jeeps made it slowly to the road with their moaning cargo. One half-mile stretch of road and they'd be just as good as home. Things were hazy for the Kid, but when the lead Jeep hit a Teller Mine and the bodies on the litters went flying, the war was on again. It wasn't fair, to his way of figuring, and that's when he began cursing. A chaplain hovered over him for a time, but the Kid had no emotion for him. There didn't seem to be any point to it — no more point than going after the morning's objective. Burning somewhere in the Kid's brain was the thought they hadn't enough men, supplies, or firepower to go as far as a city block beyond the town. Plus the fact the Kid hadn't seen as much as one instance of foxhole praying or wanton talk about women, or mother, at the time it was supposed to count for something. If for no other reason there had simply been not time for it — only time for the crush for survival. Perhaps he felt it was too late for prayers. Whatever reason, he didn't feel up to this gesturing man's message. The chaplain's anxious face finally disappeared.

For the Kid it was a series of morphine visions of men, huge red crosses on white, movement, and cursing. Cursing the world, the enemy, and the bastards who wouldn't let him rest. He shouted every nasty word he'd ever learned. But they wouldn't let him rest. He had it made. He was tired. Oh, so tired, and the S.O.B.s would not let him rest.

Then blackness, a feeling of peace, and then nothing.

When he came to again, he was lying completely naked on an operating table of some kind. He didn't know

whether he first saw or smelled the room. It was an odd mixture. Tent, hospital, and woman. And then she came into focus. The Kid knew he was still alive, but he didn't believe it. She could've been an angel. An incredibly beautiful angel. Blonde hair, rosy cheeks, full red lips, and something white over her head. A healthy, shining clean, glorious American woman. A woman-smelling woman. There was no garbage on her hands. She was busily shaving an indelicate part of his lower anatomy — he hazily guessed in preparation for an operation.

"Oh . . . So you're awake," she said, glancing up at his face and reaching for a syringe.

She prepared his arm for the injection with an alcohol pad.

"Please . . ." the Kid said. "Not just yet . . ."

She hesitated and the Kid gazed up into her heavenly blue eyes and her face.

"We've got work to do," she said softly.

"Would . . . would you kiss me?"

Her full lips wrinkled involuntarily

and she smiled at the same time. She stood there looking at him for a long moment through her misting eyes and then she leaned over and kissed him full on the mouth. Not a lingering kiss, but long enough for one of her tears to fall on the Kid's rough cheek and roll on down to his ear.

All at once it again seemed like the world he knew at one time and he began to cry. He felt it would be all right to cry and it was the sound of crying you might hear at the funeral of the world.

"N—none of us l—layin' there even g-got to see the t—town," he said.

"Go ahead," she said. "Get it out of your system."

He sobbed for himself and he sobbed for all those who lie dead and would never again feel the soft promise of eternity in a woman's lips. Or taste a woman's tear. Or be able to shed a tear of their own. He cried for himself and he cried for a world that would allow such a Goddamn thing to happen on such a beautiful day. ●

Ruthless Redhead

Continued from page 25

He paused from time to time and then he found what he was looking for — fresh droppings from a horse. On the hard sand he determined which direction the rider was going.

He put his car in third and swung toward the west. In the distance was a small cloud of dust. It took him only 10 minutes to overtake the rider, who in her haste to speed up her cowpony, managed to ride him into a lizard hole and break his foreleg. She was putting a bullet through the mare's head just as the jeep drove up. Deliberately she waited until Jim got out, and then she pumped three bullets into the gas tank.

He leaped back into the jeep but it was no use. She still held the gun on him. He lowered his hands to the Winchester slung on the inside of the jeep door, a trick he picked up from the Texas Rangers.

"Can I come out?" he said.

"Sure," said the girl, whose windswept hair framed a cameo face that spelled innocence. He knew this wasn't so.

Lowering his hand to the door he pulled the lever and as the door swung open, he aimed the gun at her and pulled the trigger. The long months of practice paid off. The bullet plowed through the hem of her skirt and she dropped her gun in terror. Jim jumped, picked it up and pocketed it.

Deftly he pulled the handcuffs out of the backpocket of his Levis and slipped on a bracelet on her left wrist and one over his right.

"Can't talk you into letting me go, huh?"

"That's right."

"Well we're stuck. No horse, no car. What're you going to do?"

"They'll probably get us in the helicopter."

"Maybe they won't find us."

"Possibility. Wasn't going to wait anyhow. Think it best for us to start walking at night when it's cool. We're about 12 miles from the desert perimeter. We should make it long before morning."

The girl, Marianne, said no more. She kept staring at him intently as though trying to formulate a plan. At dusk before preparing supper, he took the precaution of emptying the rifle of cartridges as well as her revolver. He threw the shells into the desert. Now she could not get him off guard. Neither could she run away. They were cuffed until they returned to civilization or were picked up. Jim had learned his lessons of lawmanship well. But he never figured on the williness of his adversary.

During supper she deliberately sat on the hot sand, her legs far apart, her skirt high up around her thighs. The frustrated young man began to sweat and once Marianne saw that, she knew she had him. She cleaned up the dishes and then accidentally fell into his arms. "Kiss me," she said, "Kiss me."

He tried to fight his animal impulse, but the lips, the cupid's bows of bright red, the slight sprinkle of freckles across her nose, the green-

green eyes at half mast were overpowering. Even the scar on her cheek that she habitually tried to hide, didn't repel him. He kissed her savagely.

"Don't stop there, make love to me."

"Here — in the desert?"

"What's the difference?"

With his right wrist cuffed to her right, he helped take off her clothes which she did slowly, like a Minsky strip teaser. Her body was pink in the lowering sunset, and the hunger in him was a passion of fire that she must quench.

Again and again they made love, she employing every trick of the harlot, he with the eagerness of a Paris of Troy youth ravaging himself far from the eyes and laws and civilization.

When he was spent she continued to kiss him on the face, on his bronze chest, on his ears, on his neck. They had exchanged little else but passionate groans of ecstasy, now she finally spoke. "Free me, Jim. Please, let me go."

He knew that this had been her motive all along and he didn't care. His motive was to let her believe he was naive then take advantage of her. "I can't. I'm a deputy. I've got to take you in." Nervously, her free hand kept rubbing the scar.

She pleaded, promised him a fortune in money, cried and even threw her body at him again. But each had played his hand—his ace was king, while her queen had turned out to be a joker in the poker game of life and death.

Suddenly she was quiet. But soon she sidled up to him again. She took him around as he said, "We better get going or we'll be stuck here for another frighteningly hot day." Suddenly there was a startled look on his face. The snake-skinning knife holstered on the left side of his belt was in her hand and was plunging into his back as she carressed him. Again the knife went into the heart, the fickle, fickle heart, and the Deputy was dead.

She began to go through his vest, his pants and shirt pockets, everywhere — but she couldn't find the key to the handcuffs. "Where did he put it, where did he put it?"

It was then she remembered his words, "The key to our future is not on me or you — it's somewhere in the desert." So — he had thrown away the key. She sat down and began to sob hysterically, rubbing at the scar, her disfigurement. She was handcuffed to a dead man on the desert, her horse dead, the jeep out of gas and she could do nothing but wait.

At ten o'clock the next morning they found Marianne fully dressed — a gesture not to blot the scutcheon of Jim, her adversary and captor. She was smoking a cigarette and wondering how she could con the helicopter pilot into dropping her off in the next town. *By Andrew Robin* •

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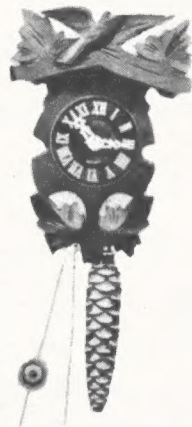
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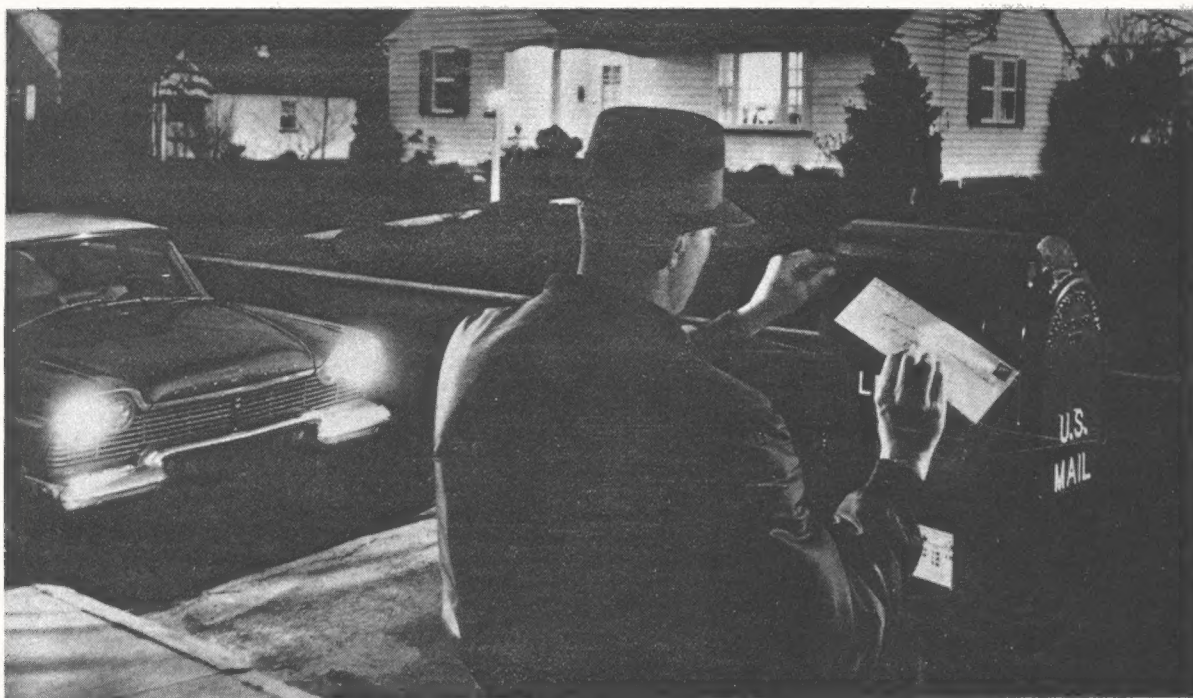
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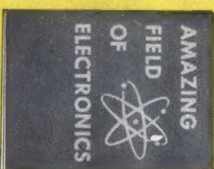
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